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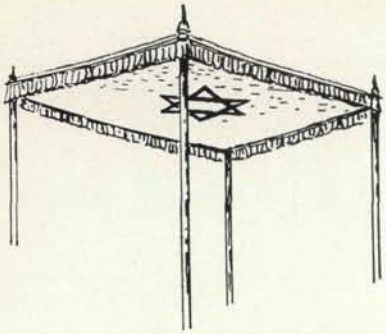

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COMMENTARY

THE POLITICS OF STALEMATE

Will the Republican-Southern Democratic Coalition Continue?

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

WASHINGTON

AT THE foot of Capitol Hill stands the newly dedicated Taft Memorial Carillon and, in front of it, a statue of the late Ohio Senator. It is easy to see the carillon and the statue as a monument to the perpetual frustration of a political faction whose hero thrice sought the presidency in vain. Conservative Republicanism built Taft a carillon in death because he never made the White House in life. But perhaps it is too soon to record the frustration, and the benign face of the statue may yet conceal a canny chuckle.

For the Washington political scene in 1959 was, oddly enough, still dominated in many ways by the spirit of this near-great man who has been dead for half a dozen years. Taft was the only impressive conservative politician of our era, and ours is still a conservative age. The Democratic victory in last year's Congressional elections gave a deceptively liberal hue to the scene, but under our system the President, and not Congress, defines the issues and the political era. If we have a passive, status quo President, we have passive, status quo government; Congress cannot make it otherwise. Congress can slow down the pace but it cannot speed it up very much. The election of 1958 will have been decisive only if it was the prelude to a liberal victory in next year's presidential contest. If the conservatives win the presidency again, the stalemate will continue for another four years. The political story of the past year has been the story of the politics of stalemate. The underlying struggle between and within the two parties has been fought over the question of whether the stalemate is to be broken, and if so, how change is to be brought about.

The stalemate began in 1938 when a substantial portion of the middle classes, alarmed by the court-packing fight and the sit-down strikes, defected from Franklin Roosevelt's political leadership and voted for the Republicans, doubling the latter's strength in the House of Representatives. From that time forward, the New Deal in domestic affairs was dead. The Republicans with their Southern Democratic allies were able to block any further innovations in the government's domestic policies. (There were extraordinary initiatives in foreign affairs after 1938, but that is a separate story.) The dominant figure on the conservative side in

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the domestic stalemate for fifteen of these twenty years was the late Senator Taft. He was elected to the Senate from Ohio in 1938 and almost immediately took intellectual and strategic command of the Senate Republicans.

Taft went through four phases during his subsequent career on Capitol Hill. During his first term, he was a standard flat-voiced, steel-rimmed Midwestern conservative. Beginning, however, toward the end of World War II, he moved by a process of self-education to a more creative position in certain fields of policy, particularly education and housing. The 80th Congress of 1947-48 was the high point of this second phase when Taft, at the height of his powers, rewrote the nation's labor law, initiated a major tax cut which President Truman vetoed, and wrote housing legislation which his own reactionary admirers, more royalist than the king, blocked in the House.

Taft entered the third stage of his career in 1950 when, enraged by his repeated failures to win the presidency, he slipped into a pose of automatic hostility. "It is the duty of the opposition to oppose," he would often say. Teaming up with Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, he engaged in a running, nagging, ill-tempered assault on the Truman administration. The fourth and final phase of his career came in the winter of 1952-53, in the last six months of his life, when he became reconciled to the fact he would never live in the White House and resolved to make the new Eisenhower administration a success by becoming its de facto prime minister. It is worth recalling Taft's career because so much of his political handiwork still survives.

The key to Taft's strategy in his unequal struggle against President Roosevelt and his more equal struggle against President Truman was the support of about a dozen Southern Democrats in the Senate and about 60 of them in the House. The 22 senators and approximately 125 representatives from the eleven states of the old Confederacy have over the years split approximately down the middle between conservatives on one side and liberals and moderates on the other. With the support of about half of the South's forces, Taft and the Republican minority were able to block most of the Roosevelt and Truman domestic programs. It was beside the point that the Democrats were most of the time in nominal control of Congress. Minority status had serious consequences for the Republican party as an institution, but for the broader cause of conservatism the bipartisan coalition worked well enough. And it had an unbroken majority for twenty years.

THE significance of last year's election was that it seemed to indicate that the twenty-year stalemate was drawing to a close. With 282 Democrats elected as against only 153 Republicans, the moderates and liberals who control the Democratic party in Congress had for the first time since 1938 a working majority and could operate effectively in spite of the usual opposition of 60 to 65 Southern conservatives.

Despite these gains, the record of positive legislative accomplishment by the first session of the 86th Congress was remarkably bleak. The outlook for next year is not much better. There has been widespread chagrin and disappointment over this performance, but it was almost inevitable given the nature of our presidential government and the kind of leadership our Congressional system tends to bring to the top.

What happened was that President Eisenhower, seeing the stalemate jeopardized by the new Congress with its swollen Democratic majority, determined to protect the status quo by the consistent use of his veto. There was nothing surprising or unprecedented in this policy. He would have used the veto much more often during the preceding six years except that he had been dealing with a Congress closely divided between the two parties, which meant, in effect, a substantial conservative majority. The conservative Congresses of the 1953-58 period did not send Mr. Eisenhower much liberal legislation and therefore Mr. Eisenhower

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did not have much to veto. There was, of course, no such figure as the "new Ike," that happy invention of the daily press and the news magazines. (Is it really credible to suppose that any man of sixty-nine is going to develop a markedly new personal style or a different approach to his job?) Mr. Eisenhower did not change; circumstances did.

In the course of using his veto, the President this past year made it unmistakably clear that he had fully identified himself and his administration with the hard core, true-blue conservatives of the Taft wing of the party. "Modern Republicanism" was quietly interred, but that was a change that had been long underway. The timid initiatives and modest social welfare extensions of the first Eisenhower administration were already becoming things of the past when Arthur Larson tried to give them a name and a coherence in *A Republican Looks at His Party* in 1956. Modern Republicanism may be said to have had the longest wake in history.

The Eisenhower vetoes were not so numerous nor so important in themselves. He vetoed two "pork barrel" public works bills (and on the second veto was overridden). These bills are the kind that every President vetoes at one time or another in an attempt to keep within some respectable bounds the incestuous and prolific love affair between the Army Engineers and the appropriations committees of Congress. Mr. Eisenhower vetoed two farm bills, thereby maintaining the zero-zero score of the contest between the administration and Congress over farm legislation. He vetoed a relatively minor bill which would have removed the Secretary of Agriculture's supervisory power over the making of loans by the Rural Electrification Administration. And he killed two housing bills before getting a third he was willing to sign. The protracted struggle over housing legislation was the only important battle in the war of the veto. More significant than the bills he actually vetoed, however, was the fact that the President's course of action cast a negative pall over the workings of Congress. Since his Democratic adversaries did not have a two-thirds majority to override him, they could not escape ultimate frustration at his hands. The vetoes underscored this reality and imbued them with a defeatist psychology. In some of his vetoes, particularly those of the housing bills, Mr. Eisenhower was more Taftian than Taft himself might have been. But in preserving the barriers against broad liberal change and in paralyzing the Democratic opposition, the President proved fully worthy of the tradition of his dead rival.

SENATOR Lyndon Johnson of Texas, the talented and indefatigable Democratic floor leader, led his party to several serious defeats because he, too, walked in Taft's shadow. Johnson became minority floor leader in January 1953, at the same time that Taft began the brief period of service as majority floor leader which ended with his death.

Johnson has repeatedly held up the leadership which Taft and Kenneth Wherry gave the Republicans during the second Truman administration as a horrible example of what not to do. He has contended that their intransigent hostility and their daily harassment did nothing to strengthen their own party at the polls and only created a picture in the public mind of a quarrelsome, irresponsible faction. Johnson has scorned Taft's dictum: "The duty of the opposition is to oppose." Johnson has always argued that the opposition's first responsibility is to share in the task of governing. In his view, the country did not send the Democrats to Congress to wage cold war on the President, and what the country wants is disinterested collaboration across party lines. Johnson's dictum has been: "We are here to make laws, not make issues."

The contrast between Johnson's technique as an opposition leader dealing with Mr. Eisenhower and Taft's dealing with Mr. Truman has often been noted. It is less frequently realized to what an extraordinary extent Johnson stepped into another Taft role, that of informal, de facto prime minister to the administration. Indeed, Johnson

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has been a better prime minister for the President than Taft could ever have been because he wholeheartedly supports the basic principles of the administration's foreign policy. When Senator Knowland, Taft's appointed heir on the Republican side, dragged his feet on foreign aid or temporarily relinquished his leadership post to speak out against aid to Tito, it was Johnson who smoothly filled the gap and supplied the President with the necessary votes. There is no real parallel in our history for the collaboration between the Senate leader of one party and the President of the other which Johnson and Mr. Eisenhower carried on between 1955 and 1958. The closest analogy is with the period of 1893-97 when the Republicans gave President Cleveland's financial policies more cordial support than most of his own party did.

It appears that when this year's session began, Johnson expected to continue his prime-ministerial role vis-à-vis Mr. Eisenhower, with the only change being somewhat better terms for the Democratic side when the usual compromises were struck. He did not reckon with the consequences of the election. Mr. Eisenhower, who had been listing slowly to the right with each passing year, was genuinely alarmed by the triumph of the liberals at the polls and resolved to stand unalterably firm for fiscal sanity as he understood it. At the same time, the liberal Democrats, exhilarated by their triumph and impatient after years of compromise and delay, began reporting out of committee in the Senate ambitious, expensive programs for airports, housing, depressed areas, and other projects. The liberals, in other words, were raising their terms somewhat higher than Johnson had anticipated at the same time that the President was becoming less rather than more conciliatory. The gap was widening and becoming harder to compromise.

At first Johnson followed the strategy of "veto proofing" bills by scaling down their range and dollar cost before sending them to the White House. This strategy failed badly. It was defensive in its psychology and when the vetoes were nevertheless forthcoming, it offered no alternative except further retreats. By the end of the session, Johnson was reduced to pretending that the measures finally passed, which were far below his party's original intentions, were in fact what he and his fellow Democrats had wanted all along.

On the big issues, such as civil rights, budget balancing, and labor union controls, Johnson tended toward the conservative side. In effect, he was saying that he believed the majority of the public was in accord with Mr. Eisenhower's views and preferred a continuation of stalemate government rather than risk any new ventures of either a liberal or a markedly reactionary kind. It was this fundamental attitude rather than his position on any specific piece of legislation that marked the growing rift between Johnson and such Democratic liberals as Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, Paul Douglas of Illinois, and William Proxmire of Wisconsin. Clark began keeping a tally sheet which by session's end showed that on seven major votes and numerous minor ones Johnson had voted with the majority of the Senate but not with the majority of his fellow Democrats. These votes suggested that he was becoming the leader of the old bipartisan conservative coalition (Republicans plus Southern Democrats), with only the occasional addition of a scattering of Western Democrats to leaven the customary mixture.

Before the 1958 election, Johnson could defend his collaboration with Mr. Eisenhower on the grounds that his paper-thin one- or two-vote majorities were not sufficient to enable him to follow a more aggressive course. Last year's election wiped out that argument and left him confronting a serious choice. The decision he finally made demonstrated that his policy of cooperation with the administration had been from the first a matter of preference rather than necessity.

VICE President Nixon is the man commonly regarded as the present inheritor of Taft's strength in the Republican party. The

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old-line conservatives who revere Taft's memory know that Nixon is not really one of them, but they much prefer him to the only visible alternative, Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York. The motif of Nixon's activities during this past year has been his attempt to hold his erstwhile Taft support while escaping the frustrating fate that befell Taft's presidential ambitions. It is significant, for example, that Nixon did not jump to the fore in the fight for a severely restrictive labor law. The Landrum-Griffin bill which passed the House and which was ultimately amalgamated with the Senate's Kennedy bill was the handiwork of the business organization lobbies, not of the conservative politicians. Nixon was for the Landrum-Griffin bill, but he took care not to become too actively identified with the labor control controversy. He likewise scaled new peaks of prudence in his approach to the inflation problem. As chairman of the President's Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth, he teetered nicely between an emphasis on the danger of inflation and the counter-balancing emphasis on the importance of economic expansion. He did not publicly dissent from the orthodox hard money, high interest rate policy promulgated by the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board, but neither did he join the administration's full-throated campaign against the specter of inflation. Nixon is clearly determined to avoid the anti-labor and budget-first stereotypes which so severely damaged Taft's availability as a national candidate.

His most dramatic gambit was his journey to Russia and Poland. This, too, had the special ambiguity of all of the Vice President's political effects. If the summit meeting and subsequent negotiations are successful, he can claim a share of the credit for helping to initiate the "relaxation of tensions." If the negotiations fail, he can simply refer to his exchange with Khrushchev in Moscow as proof that he is a man who knows how to be tough with the Russians. Nothing he said or did on his visit committed him to any fundamental policy. The visit in political terms remains an open-end affair.

Nixon needs all the maneuverability he can muster, for he faces Taft's old problem and has only a few assets with which to cope with it. That problem is how to persuade the Republican party, the minority party, that it can win if it nominates him. Mr. Eisenhower had his status as a supra-political hero and his winning personality. Nixon, like Taft, has neither of these assets. He must rely upon his flexibility as a campaigner and his shrewdness in gauging the shifting tides of public opinion.

THE issue to be decided in the next twelve months is whether the stalemate which began when Taft entered the Senate in 1938, and over which he presided for so long and which survived his death, is at last to be broken. The election returns of 1958 would suggest that its end is near, but the judgment of as sagacious a politician as Lyndon Johnson indicates a belief that it will persist for another four years. The politics of stalemate during 1959 have made the shape of next year's choice reasonably clear. On the Democratic side, the two most active candidates, Senators Kennedy and Humphrey, are clearly committed by their records to championing a strong presidential role and to offering liberal leadership to break the deadlock. Senator Johnson, on the other hand, is a candidate who believes the Democrats can and should follow a centrist course. He is, in a sense, a candidate for the role of a Democratic Eisenhower.

On the Republican side, the Nixon candidacy, although lacking the Eisenhower charisma, represents essentially a promise to maintain the status quo. Nixon, like Mr. Eisenhower, has few well-defined public positions and can therefore adopt vaguely liberal (or just plain vague) views. But, again like Mr. Eisenhower, he has never in fact wandered very far from the conservative orthodoxy in domestic affairs which Taft expounded.

The alternative candidacy of Governor Rockefeller would pose a distinct threat to

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the existing stalemate. If Rockefeller were to espouse as President the same liberal policies advocated in the Rockefeller Reports and put forward by him in Albany, he could not rely upon the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition to pass them. He would in all likelihood draw more support from liberal Democrats. This would signify a revolution in long established relationships between the two parties. It would bury the old Taft era forever.

Can the Democratic party win an election as the party of centrists and conservatives? Can the Republican party be refashioned into an instrument for liberal change? Whether or not the present stalemate is broken, the coming year is likely to provide answers to these questions.

Jean Rogers Anstey

We have been deeply saddened by the sudden, untimely death of our colleague, Jean Rogers Anstey. Her lively and sympathetic presence added a special measure of warmth to the COMMENTARY *office, and she served the magazine, for the past eleven years, with an affection that went much beyond the regular demands of her job in the circulation department. We shall miss her greatly.*

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THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN SOCIOLOGY

C. Wright Mills's Indictment

DENNIS H. WRONG

COLLEGE students, however unlettered, often possess what journalists call "the instinct for the jugular." Meeting a class one day which had just been reading C. Wright Mills's *White Collar,* I was asked on entering the room whether I agreed with the description of American professors as men "of typically plebeian cultural interests . . . and a generally philistine style of life." I acknowledged that on the whole I did. Yet a reviewer of one of Mills's later books reported that academicians of his acquaintance thought *White Collar* profound and acute on salesgirls and business executives but wide of the mark on professors. I find my opposite reaction confirmed by Mills's new book, *The Sociological Imagination* (Oxford University Press, $6.00), a full-scale dissection of his academic colleagues and to my mind the best book he has yet written.

The new book is an attack on the dominant schools or "styles of work" in contemporary sociology for their failure to meet the demands of the "sociological imagination." Mills wishes by this phrase to indicate that quality of mind which fully perceives the intimate connection between the private and the public, between personal experience and the broader typicalities and specificities of this time and that place. Or, as he puts it repeatedly, "the sociological imagination is the ability to grasp history and biography and the relations between the two within society." The forerunners and founders of modern sociology had such a grasp, and we still read Tocqueville and Marx, Weber and Veblen. Contemporary sociologists honor their names but rarely follow their example. Those in search of a sense of themselves and their time, a search that led some of us to become professional sociologists in the 30's and 40's, are apt today to turn to non-sociologists, to writers as different as Hannah Arendt, Lionel Trilling, and W. H. Whyte, as well as to sociologists like David Riesman and Mills himself who are unlikely ever to become presidents of the American Sociological Society.

The condemnation of sociology that this suggests needs qualification on two counts. First, to expect professional sociologists to be the primary possessors of the sociological imagination would be to perpetuate an ancient intellectual imperialism which the humanities and the older social sciences have always rightfully resented. Mills himself makes it clear that he is using the phrase to refer to an ethos or intellectual ambiance, analogous to "Newtonian mechanism" and "Darwinian ethics," rather than to an outlook that can or ought to be the exclusive property of a single discipline. Secondly, much of the work of contemporary sociologists in special areas such as criminology, population problems, or the study of voting trends is unquestionably valuable, as even the harshest critic of the field discovers when seeking comparable information about a foreign country where academic sociological research remains undeveloped. Yet sociology aspires to be more than a loose grouping of semi-autonomous specialties—not to speak of the armory of research techniques plus an esoteric vocabulary—which it is in danger of becoming.

Literary men and journalists who regu-

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larly sneer at the graceless verbosity and obsessive methodolatry of sociologists are likely to applaud much of what Mills says without paying very close attention to it. But Mills's point of view is not really theirs: he knows that "insight" or "literary sensibility" or an awareness that in some sense "Dostoevsky said it all before and better" are not enough to assure even a limited understanding of history, politics, and society. Disciplined thinking, much plain fact-grubbing, unremitting exposure to the materials of contemporary and recorded history, the capacity to brood over and exploit one's personal experiences without crudely projecting them onto the universe—all this and more are necessary. Neither a personal gift of perceptiveness nor any easily teachable method can provide a short cut. The trouble with contemporary sociologists is that from the mixed ingredients of the sociological imagination they have extracted a few mental skills and thoughtways and set them up as the royal road to truth.

Max Weber, the one great man we sociologists can plausibly claim as our own, once wrote: "No sociologist should think himself too good, even in his old age, to make tens of thousands of quite trivial computations in his head and perhaps for months at a time." A social researcher, one of those whom Mills with his usual talent for phrase-making calls an "abstracted empiricist," once quoted this to me in justification of the narrow technicism of the quantifiers and tabulators. But Weber obviously didn't mean that "trivial computations" ought to be rushed into print and hailed as science or scholarship. And he went on to remark that such busywork is not worth the effort "if no idea occurs to his [the sociologist's] mind about the direction of his computations . . . [for although] the idea is not a substitute for work . . . work in turn cannot substitute for or compel an idea any more than enthusiasm can."

I don't suppose that even the most hidebound empiricist would withhold verbal assent from that today. No one believes any longer that "the facts speak for themselves"; it is universally admitted that "theory" and "research" ought to be united. But what Mills labels Grand Theory, meaning chiefly the work of Talcott Parsons and his followers, not only has little or no intrinsic relation to the research routines and the processed questionnaire "data" of the empiricists, but is a very different thing from theory as we find it in the classical sociologists. Marx's "capitalism," Weber's "rationalization of life," or Veblen's "leisure class," ideas which, inclusive as they are, have clear historical referents linking them to the world as we know it, are usually surrounded by deprecatory quotation marks in the writings of the grand theorists. The latter prefer to deploy terms like "dysfunction," "role expectation," or "structural requisite"—highly abstract and formal concepts which at best amount to possible building blocks for theory rather than to theory itself. The ugliness of this jargon* would be a small price to pay if we had any assurance that it would give us otherwise unobtainable answers to important questions. But when "applied" by Parsonians to the concrete social and historical world, we merely find translations of what more old-fashioned historians and social scientists tell us in English.

GRAND theory and abstracted empiricism are degenerations of older intellectual traditions in which each found a proper and limited place. Mills's account of how such partial perspectives have become dominant in American sociology and how they are sustained and perpetuated by trends in American society amounts to a first-rate sociology of sociology itself. To appreciate it fully one must oneself be a sociologist, preferably a former graduate student at Columbia in the postwar years, for although Mills names a good many names his book has some of the traits of a *roman à clef*. He is marvelously accurate at describing and recording the intellectual mannerisms, the falsely modest

*Kathleen Nott writes: "Jargon is a parrotlike or mumbo jumbo imitation of the precise classifications of the physical and mathematical sciences. A language is a jargon when its references claim an objectivity, an agreement about definition, that does not exist."

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solemnities about the "hard and unrewarding demands of real science," the new academic types, and the new forms of career-making that prevail in the "research shops" of bureaucratic social science. To give the full flavor requires quotation. Mills writes of the younger men, exclusively "trained" in the new social science:

"I have seldom seen one of these young men in a condition of genuine intellectual puzzlement. And I have never seen any passionate curiosity about a great problem, the sort of curiosity that compels the mind to travel anywhere and by any means, to remake itself if necessary, in order to *find out*. These young men are less restless than methodical; less imaginative than patient; above all, they are dogmatic—in all the historical and theological meanings of the term. . . . They have taken up social research as a career; they have come early to an extreme specialization, and they have acquired an indifference or a contempt for 'social philosophy'—which means to them 'writing books out of other books' or 'merely speculating.' Listening to their conversations, trying to gauge the quality of their curiosity, one finds a deadly limitation of mind."

Mills sees more clearly than previous critics the extent to which abstracted empiricism has robbed sociology of its traditional subject matter. Sociology has become "the methodological specialty"; the sociologist is now a toolmaker, a technician of research, possessing skills equally usable by advertising agencies, giant bureaucracies, and independent scholars. For a few years research money flows from corporations concerned over industrial morale; then a foundation becomes interested in, say, attitudes toward civil liberties and a whole new sub-field springs into being appropriately labeled and discussed at a session of the September A.S.S. meetings; at present, hospitals and mental health groups are providing jobs and research funds, so "medical sociology" and the "sociology of mental health" are burgeoning specialties. Now the new research skills are indispensable for many purposes: it would, I think, be a gain to all concerned if those who wished to concentrate on elaborating and refining them were to secede from sociology and set up shop as a service discipline like statistics, accessible to all would-be users. Unfortunately, this is unlikely to happen. Nor can I share the optimism of some of my fellow members of what might be called the Humanistic Underground in American sociology, who think that abstracted empiricism will prove to be a passing fad. It is now, as Mills shows, too securely built into the very structure of American society as one of the instrumentalities of bureaucratic administration. Those of us, therefore, who still value understanding more than know-how may have to accept and wear with pride the labels "social philosopher," "journalist," or even "literature major," the latest appellation adopted by research technicians to describe their betters.

MILLS's chapter on Talcott Parsons is less satisfactory than his discussion of empiricism. He makes much of the opaqueness of Parsons's terminology and effectively ridicules it by quoting huge globs and then "translating" them into a few brief and lucid sentences. I have no desire to defend Parsons's prose, which has to be read to be believed, but it does have more content than Mills's jibes suggest. Mills in fact implicitly concedes as much when he criticizes the conservative view of the social order that is embedded in Parsons's categories.

For Parsons, unlike most of his epigoni, deals with real theoretical problems, especially in his earlier books. Why, given a secular Hobbesian or Darwinian view of man as simply a gifted animal, do men refrain from regular resort to fraud and violence in pursuit of their ends and maintain a viable society at all? Parsons answers that their very ends are acquired from other men and become shared moral values, "internalized" by processes with which psychoanalysis has made us familiar. But even if biological man is thus transformed into social man, why is society not rent apart by warring *groups*, each seeking to advance its own values and collective interests? To this, the

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"Marxist" problem, Parsons answers, more dubiously, that society has a tendency toward an equilibrium in which its component groups and institutions become harmoniously adapted to one another.

The trouble with Parsons's theory is that, in trying to explain conformity and social stability, which become problematical once the assumption of an innate or God-given moral sense or Lockean "identity of interests" is abandoned, he manages to make their opposites appear even more problematical. That violence, revolution, and historical change occur at all becomes incomprehensible. In the terms of Parsons's theory, as Mills observes, "the idea of conflict cannot effectively be formulated. Structural antagonisms, large-scale revolts, revolutions—they cannot be imagined." At most they can be explained by individual psychopathology as "failures of socialization," which is not even adequate to account for the juvenile delinquent, let alone the reformer, the revolutionary, or the prophet.

PARSONS reviewed Mills's *The Power Elite* at considerable length (*World Politics*, October 1957), and it is instructive to compare Parsons on Mills with Mills on Parsons. Parsons challenges Mills's assumption that the exercise of power always imposes some deprivation on those subject to it. To him power is essentially "a facility for the performance of function in and on behalf of the society as a system" and he refuses to regard its expansive tendency and its openness to abuse as of more than secondary importance. He does not even look on power as at best a necessary evil.

Mills is right, I think, to see tension and potential conflict between the goals of the power-holders and their subjects as inescapable. But his pose as a tough-minded connoisseur of power inclines him to a neo-Machiavellian cynicism in which the "common values" stressed so heavily by Parsons are re-defined as "master symbols of legitimation" which "justify or oppose the arrangement of power and the position within this arrangement of the powerful." This amounts to saying that values and ideologies are mere epiphenomena and that power interests alone are autonomous in history. Far from disposing of Parsons's over-socialized man and over-integrated society, such a view simply reinstates the original "problem of order" as it stood before Parsons tried to solve it. No true dialogue takes place between the two men, no dialectic of their ideas results—they succeed merely in negating one another.

If Mills reminds us of Pareto and Mosca in his conception of what is, Parsons rightly argues that Mills's notion of what might be implies "a utopian conception of an ideal society in which power does not play a part at all." It is here that traces of ideological Marxism, or even of Leninism, are most evident in Mills's thinking. He could, of course, reply to Parsons that in refusing to view power as beneficent he at least doesn't make the mistake of reasoning as if utopia were already here. But the question of Mills's ideological preconceptions must be raised because readers who do not accept the diagnosis of contemporary America or of the cold war set forth in his earlier books may be inclined to look on his indictment of sociology with suspicion. Is he simply complaining that sociologists are not radicals and thus are not preoccupied with his own political concerns in their work?

Except for occasional lapses, I do not think Mills is vulnerable to this charge. Actually, most of the thinkers he praises as exemplars of the sociological imagination were by no means radicals themselves—Marx, Veblen, and possibly Mannheim are the only real exceptions—and several, notably Durkheim, Mosca, and Schumpeter, are usually classified as conservatives. Mills's liberal-radical outlook is most evident in his two final chapters. Since I share this outlook, much of what he says seems to me to be unexceptionable. For the most part he echoes, down to the very phrasing, ideas he has developed at greater length elsewhere, although his particular views on American society and world politics are considerably muted.

Inevitably, it is partly this avoidance of

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detailed political programs and analyses that leads me in common with others (e.g. George Lichtheim in the September issue of COMMENTARY) to find *The Sociological Imagination* more impressive than its predecessors. But there is, I think, more to it than this. Mills is undoubtedly at his best in writing about what he knows at firsthand—a further bit of evidence that sociological understanding differs only in degree from the understanding achieved by a good novelist or by any acute observer of the life around him. Moreover, Mills has always made his most telling points when he is opposing a point of view which has been stated with sufficient clarity and intelligence to make it impossible to dismiss it in its least convincing form. In taking on Parsons and Paul Lazarsfeld, Mills chooses the most able spokesmen for grand theory and abstracted empiricism respectively. As a result, his own arguments are sharper and more probing and the frequent lapses into rhetoric and journalistic purple patches that mar his other books are less in evidence.

Mills's gift is largely for synthesis, for sketching in the outlines of the whole, rather than for careful, close reasoning. His books are full of exciting vistas, imaginative suggestions pointing to overlooked connections in social life, but he invariably fails to follow these up in any rigorous fashion. For example, *The Power Elite* provides us with no more than a starting point for the analysis of power in American society: Mills tells us *who* the decision-makers and power-holders are, but, as I argued in the September 1956 issue of COMMENTARY, he neglects to discuss in detail *what* sort of things they decide and what *interests* they serve. He seems to hold assumptions about these latter dimensions of power that remain hidden. Again, in *Character and Social Structure,* an advanced text in social psychology that Mills wrote with Hans Gerth several years ago, we are promised "a view of man as an actor in historic crises and of man as a whole entity"—a prospect offering an exciting contrast to the usual hodgepodge of attitude studies and watered-down psychoanalysis that passes for social psychology. But, as Philip Selznick pointed out in an acute review, the book does not live up to its promise: the authors are erudite in their use of wide-ranging historical illustrations, but they largely confine themselves to elaborating a set of concepts and definitions, an enterprise which, though more elegantly executed, does not differ in kind from what Mills condemns as "grand theory."

THERE is a striking discrepancy between Mills's own work and the admirable conception of what sociology ought to be advanced in *The Sociological Imagination.* To begin with, his books are surprisingly diffuse and repetitive if measured against the altogether fascinating discussion of his methods of work which he includes in an appendix entitled "On Intellectual Craftsmanship." And if there is one rule that Mills insists on again and again as an absolute prerequisite for the exercise of the sociological imagination, it is the necessity of thinking historically and comparatively. "Never think of describing an institution in 20th century America without trying to bear in mind similar institutions in other types of structures and periods," he writes. "The aim of classic social science requires that we seek a fully comparative understanding of the social structures that have appeared and now exist in world history."

Yet, in spite of these exhortations, I find his own studies of contemporary America lacking in historical depth and comparative perspective. The only other societies he ever discusses in detail are early 19th-century America and Nazi Germany. He holds a somewhat idealized and Whitmanesque view of the former and his main, if not only, authority on Nazism is Franz Neumann's *Behemoth,* an excellent study of the pre-war Hitler regime; but Mills seems unaware of the fact that Neumann later qualified or rejected many of its neo-Marxist conclusions. Does Mills think that contemporary Britain is ruled by a "power elite" resembling that of the United States? Or did the Labor party seriously modify capitalist institutions and

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break the continuity with the past he finds in America? No answers to these queries can be found in Mills's books because, except for a passing reference to the superiority of the British civil service in *The Power Elite,* he never mentions England. And beyond a few comments on the brutalities of enforced industrialization, he has surprisingly little to say, even in *The Causes of World War III,* about Soviet Russia. Tocqueville maintained that he did not write a single paragraph of *Democracy in America* without having France in mind and, although he never mentions France as such, we know fully what he thought about his own country as well as about the United States. "One need not make explicit comparisons," Mills observes. Indeed, but his own books do not pass the Tocqueville test. (But, then, how many do?)

And yet *The Sociological Imagination* is incredibly rich in ideas. It is impossible not to feel a sense of personal gratitude to Mills for having dispelled the air of make-believe that clings to contemporary sociology, the dominating pretense that its practitioners are skilled scientists when their work so often falls below the standards of the most old-fashioned kind of scholarship. The strange linguistic habits of the theorists and the "methodological inhibition" of the empiricists have a common source in the ambition to create a social science matching the natural sciences in its monopoly of an arcane and specialized expertise. Whatever one's view of the possibilities of ever achieving such a science (and my own is decidedly skeptical), one can be sure that neither physics nor biology would have advanced very far had they been guided solely by a like ambition. But, in his stress on the contemporary bureaucratic and ideological trends which currently sustain American sociology, Mills perhaps fails to recognize how venerable the ambition is. The following episode occurs in Nikolai Gogol's *Dead Souls,* a novel written in and about the Russia of the Czars well over a century ago: Tchitchikov, Gogol's dealer in dead souls, has been asked to wait in the library of a vain and pretentious provincial landowner. "It was an immense apartment, the walls of which were lined with books from the floor to the ceiling. . . . There were six volumes in a row, entitled *Preliminary Introduction to the Theory of Thought in its General Aspect as a Whole, and in its Application to the Interpretation of the Organic Principles of the Mutual Distribution of Social Productivity.* Wherever Tchitchikov opened the book, on every page he found 'phenomenon,' 'development,' 'abstract,' 'cohesion,' and 'combination'; and the devil only knows what. 'No, all that's not in my line,' thought Tchitchikov."

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KHRUSHCHEV'S NEW COLD WAR STRATEGY

Prestige Diplomacy

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

ACCORDING to Plutarch, Julius Caesar announced his victory at Zela in 47 B.C.E. to his friend Amintius with the words, *"Veni, vidi, vici*—I came, I saw, I conquered." Is it likely that Khrushchev similarly described his American visit to his friends in the Kremlin; and, if so, did he have a point? There can be no doubt that Khrushchev came here, although, as one watched, listened, and read about this extraordinary voyage, which the London *Economist* properly called a "coast to coast riot," it was sometimes hard to believe that it was real. There can be no doubt, either, that Khrushchev saw something—although it was not much and for the most part not what he ought to have seen. But did Khrushchev conquer? Did he achieve what he set out to achieve? I am afraid that the answer must be in the affirmative, judging by Khrushchev's actions during his trip and our reactions to them, as seen in the context of the Soviet Union's new foreign policy.

The novelty of Soviet foreign policy, in both its aims and its methods, is the overriding fact of the present era in Soviet-American relations. The inception of this new policy, and its successful execution thus far, constitute Khrushchev's historic contribution to the development of the Soviet Union as a world power and of Communism as a world movement. Khrushchev's foreign policy marks a drastic break with the foreign policy of Stalin and reverts, at least in its aims, to Lenin's conception of the roles of the Soviet Union and of Communism in world affairs. Khrushchev, however, has devised new methods to achieve Lenin's goals. His trip to the United States was one of them.

Lenin saw in Russian Bolshevism the doctrinal and political fountainhead of the Communist world revolution, and in the success of that revolution the precondition for the survival of the Bolshevik regime in Russia. Russian Bolshevism was the "base" of world revolution; that was its historic function and justification in Marxist terms, as world revolution was Russian Bolshevism's inevitable sequel and the guarantee of its success. On this doctrinal foundation, as developed in Lenin's *"Left-wing" Communism: An Infantile Disorder*, the Soviet Union stood in its earliest years as the guide and instigator of violent revolution throughout the world.

Both the consolidation of Bolshevism within Russia and the collapse of the world revolutionary movement gave birth to Stalin's policy of "socialism in one country." Stalinist foreign policy was essentially traditional in its objectives and, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, even in its methods. The subservience of foreign Communist parties to the Soviet Union was enforced and justified in terms of Lenin's doctrine; yet the opportunities for espionage and subversion which that subservience provided were exploited with complete cynicism as means to the traditional ends of Russian power.

Russian foreign policy in the 1930's and 1940's was in the classic tradition of power diplomacy. The temporary reliance upon

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the League of Nations, the Franco-Russian Alliance of 1935, the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939, the support of Chiang Kai-shek during and just after the Second World War, the conquest of Eastern Europe, the attempts to gain a foothold on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and in Iran and to draw all of Germany into the Russian orbit, owed nothing to Communism; they followed the traditional objectives and techniques of Russian foreign policy. Exploitation of the loyalty of foreign Communists made it easier for the Soviet Union to attain some of these objectives, but neither the choice of the objectives nor their attainment was determined by the fact that Stalin professed the political philosophy of Communism and pretended to act in its name. This, then, was the paradox of Stalin's foreign policy, which must have been congenial to his sardonic sense of humor: although he spoke the language of doctrinaire Marxism-Leninism and founded his charismatic leadership upon the pretense of executing and developing the teachings of Marx and Lenin, in fact the objectives and techniques of his foreign policy owed everything to the Russian tradition going back to Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible. Aside from improvements in technical efficiency, Communism provided Stalin's foreign policy only with ideological justifications and rationalizations.

THE foreign policy of Khrushchev presents a paradox of a different sort. Much less a doctrinaire Communist than his predecessors, he has set out to accomplish the world-wide triumph of Communism not as the heir of Marx and Lenin, but as the pragmatic competitor of the United States. He means to do what Lenin and Stalin never attempted: to defeat the foremost capitalist nation at its own game of technology and production. In the measure that Khrushchev succeeds in this endeavor, the foreign policy of the Soviet Union takes on an ideological complexion different from the ritual verbal tributes which Stalin used to pay to the infallibility of Marx and Lenin. Khrushchev's Communist truth is derived from an experience whose reality is beyond doubt: the truly impressive fact of Russian technological and productive achievements. And these achievements he attributes to the superiority of the Communist organization of society.

Lenin bent Marxist philosophy to his will to power; he used it as an instrument for gaining and maintaining power; Marxism was an integral part of the power structure of Lenin's state. Stalin used Marxist philosophy as a mere ideology, as the justification and rationalization of a power structure resting on the quite different foundation of Oriental despotism. For Khrushchev, Marxism is neither an instrument nor an ideology of power, but the self-evident and unquestioned body of truth from which the reality of Soviet power receives its meaning. Khrushchev, in his way, is as serious about Communism as was Lenin. Lenin used Marxism as a hammer with which to slay his enemies and reassure himself of his own strength; Marxism was as important to him as revolutionary cadres and machine guns. Khrushchev's Marxism is not a dynamic and flexible weapon in the struggle for power, but an ossified set of intellectual assumptions which give meaning to the actual triumphs of the Soviet Union and receive plausibility from them. Khrushchev does not need Marxism to transform the world, as Lenin did, but in order to make the actual transformation of the world intelligible. It may well be that, because of this intellectual need, he is more beholden to Marxism than was either Lenin or Stalin, whose Marxist convictions, real or pretended, had to be adapted to the ever-changing exigencies of the political struggle.

Thus Communism as a universal principle of social organization gains from actual performance a prestige which neither Lenin's use of Marxism as an instrument for the seizure and consolidation of power nor Stalin's barren exercise in dialectic theology could give it. The Communist prophets from Marx to Stalin had to argue philosophically for the foreordained triumph of Communism, the Communist salvation of

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mankind which would inevitably occur, in however distant a future. Khrushchev can point to what has already occurred as a token of the correctness of that prophecy.

This radical change in the relationship between Communist promise and Communist performance has brought forth a radical change in Soviet foreign policy. Soviet imperialism, which in Stalin's day was, and had to be, of a limited military character—for here lay its only opportunities—has become under Khrushchev both demilitarized and unlimited. Khrushchev's new imperialism seeks to win the world neither by military might nor with the gospel of Marx and Lenin, but through the technological and productive capacity of the Soviet Union. Khrushchev proposes to fight that battle on three different fronts:

1. He offers the Soviet Union as a model for the other nations of the world to emulate, especially the underdeveloped and uncommitted nations.

2. He seeks to spread the influence of the Soviet Union through foreign aid and trade.

3. By overtaking the United States in technological and productive achievements, he aims to reduce the United States to the status of a second-rank power.

Khrushchev means to conquer the world not by force of arms or through world revolution but with the prestige which the Soviet Union acquires through its unsurpassed achievements and invincible power. His is indeed the most comprehensive and single-minded policy of prestige in modern times, reducing the traditional autonomous instruments of foreign policy—diplomacy and force—to mere handmaidens of that policy. Whatever increases the prestige of the Soviet Union and diminishes that of its opponents, then, is a calculated gain for Khrushchev's policy.

Four immediate objectives of that policy become intelligible in the light of this overall goal: avoidance of war, with the Soviet Union taking credit for it; relaxation of tensions; termination of the cold war; bi- and multi-lateral summit meetings. The success Khrushchev has achieved in realizing these immediate objectives by coming to the United States is a measure of the success of his trip.

By coming to the United States as the apostle of peace, Khrushchev carried the traditional Soviet peace propaganda, clothed in the highest authority, to the territory of the enemy. Khrushchev was good enough to admit that President Eisenhower wanted peace, too, even though that could not be said of "certain circles" in the United States; and American public opinion was good enough to avow that Khrushchev was "sincere" in his desire for peace. This innocuous-sounding exchange of apparent platitudes was, in truth, a great victory for Khrushchev's new policy. Not only can Khrushchev claim to have taken the initiative in preserving peace, attested to by the United States. But also, and more importantly, he has been able to impose his standards of action upon the United States, with untoward consequences for American freedom of action which only the future can reveal.

The issue of peace and war has consistently been presented by the Soviet Union in terms both false and advantageous to itself. Now, in the fall of 1959, that presentation has been accepted by the United States, just as a similar presentation was accepted and acted upon by Great Britain in the fall of 1938. It stands to reason that any government, unless it is dominated by a madman, will prefer peace to war, especially in the atomic age, if it can get what it wants by peaceful means. The crucial question, then, is not whether it prefers peace to war, but whether its goals can be attained by peaceful means. To answer that question, one must examine not a statesman's "sincerity" in the pursuit of peace, but the statesman's policies in the light of their compatibility with the preservation of peace. Khrushchev has left no doubt about his intention to Communize the world, and he is no doubt sincere, especially in view of the present distribution of military power, in wanting to achieve this end

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by peaceful means. But what will he do if it should become obvious that the world cannot be Communized by peaceful means, and if he should come to believe, however mistakenly, that the distribution of military power has decisively changed in favor of the Soviet Union? That is the crucial question, and it seems to have been lost in the general satisfaction about Khrushchev's "sincerity" in wanting peace.

By returning from his American trip as the champion of peace—by general acclamation—Khrushchev has won another, even more subtle and ominous victory. Whether or not a nation protects and promotes its interests by peaceful means is not necessarily a matter of choice, but may well be determined by objective conditions, especially those created by its enemy, over which it has no control. My neighbor may ruin my property and make life intolerable for me by peaceful means, and my only defense may be resort to force. If my neighbor is cunning and I am naive, he may well get me to express my confidence in his peaceful intentions and agree that neither he nor I will ever resort to force on behalf of our interests. Thus I will either stand disarmed before his trespasses, or be guilty of the violation of a solemn pledge. In other words, the symmetry of a bilateral pledge to forswear force, eminently equitable in appearance, can be deceptive and hide an asymmetry of interests, disadvantageous if not disastrous to the party which must either defend itself by force or else not defend itself at all.

Such asymmetry of interests is obvious in the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. It is obvious in their overall relations, as well as with regard to the specific issue of Berlin, which provided the occasion for the agreement between Eisenhower and Khrushchev not to resort to force. Khrushchev's new foreign policy of Communizing the world through the prestige of the Soviet Union does not require the use of force; it even precludes it. Violent conflict, even of a limited character, might require the commitment of Soviet resources needed for the spectacular achievements upon which the Soviet policy of prestige rests. Furthermore, violent conflict, incalculable in its dimensions and outcome, might not only add nothing to Soviet prestige, but might even diminish it. As long as the Soviet Union can bank on a succession of spectacular achievements to be exploited on behalf of the expansion of Soviet influence, it can have no interest in trying to attain by force what it is capable of attaining without it.

The same considerations do not necessarily apply to the United States. The United States could not remain indifferent to the Communization of uncommitted or allied nations by the peaceful means of economic domination, military infiltration, and political subversion. Can it be maintained that the United States must forgo the threat or use of force, however limited, if no other remedy is available against such a threat? That question applies with particular poignancy to Berlin. The Soviet Union obviously has it in its power to make life intolerable for the Western garrisons without openly resorting to force. Could the United States protect its presence in Berlin in the face of such a Soviet policy of "peaceful strangulation" without the threat or use of force? If it should resort to this extreme remedy, Khrushchev, having persuaded us to accept his standards of action, can blame the "warmongers" who have prevailed over the "sincere" or "treacherous" President, as the case may be. If in these circumstances the United States does not resort to this remedy, it will have lost the battle for Berlin.

Similarly, Khrushchev's insistence upon relaxation of tensions is a weapon in the armory of the new Soviet foreign policy. My neighbor who is out to ruin me has good reason to dwell upon the desirability of relaxing tensions and upon the ease with which this could be done if I only wanted to. What my neighbor has omitted to say is that it is not I, but he, who is responsible for the existence of tensions; that if he

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would only mind his own business there would be no tensions; and that the existence of tensions is due to his regarding not only his backyard as his business, but mine and everybody else's as well. If Khrushchev were willing to change by one iota the aims and methods of Soviet foreign policy from which the tensions have arisen, the United States could afford to relax tensions, to the degree that the modification of Soviet foreign policy had removed the causes of those tensions. With that policy remaining substantially unchanged, relaxation of tensions is for the United States tantamount to disarming psychologically. A nation which has been advised of its forthcoming burial cannot afford not to be tense—if it wants to survive.

What holds true of the relaxation of tensions as a psychological state, also applies to the cold war as the objective condition of political hostilities threatening armed conflict. The cold war did not come into being because the United States decided to have one; hence, it cannot be ended by the United States deciding to call it off. The cold war is the result of the expansionist policies the Soviet Union has pursued since the end of the Second World War, and of American resistance to these policies. To end the cold war, the Soviet Union would have to stop trying to expand. Khrushchev, far from calling a halt to the expansionist tradition of Soviet foreign policy, has restored Lenin's unlimited objectives. Since the cold war is the result of the unresolved political conflict between Soviet expansionism and American resistance to it, Khrushchev's appeal to the United States to call off the cold war, in the absence of even the slightest progress toward the settlement of the political conflict, is tantamount to inviting the United States to stop resisting the expansion of the Soviet Union.

THE insistence of Khrushchev upon peace, relaxation of tensions, and ending the cold war aims at weakening the resistance of the United States to the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. It also seeks to break down the psychological barriers which, under the influence of American resistance, have grown in allied and uncommitted nations against Soviet encroachments and blandishments. So long as tensions and the cold war pit the United States against the Soviet Union, the uncommitted nations will take care to remain uncommitted, and the allies of the United States will continue to seek protection from the powerful nation which alone can hold the Soviet Union in check. But once the United States agrees to the relaxation of tensions and a decrease in the intensity of the cold war, it issues to the Soviet Union, as it were, a certificate if not of good, at least of improved, conduct. It is no longer necessary, the United States would seem to be saying, to oppose the Soviet Union with the same degree of determination as before; the Soviet Union, far from wanting to attack us, wishes only to compete. This is what many uncommitted nations and many people within the allied nations have been longing to hear, and they are likely to relax with a vengeance and see vistas of "peace in our time."

Khrushchev's insistence on a visit to the United States and on a summit meeting serves the same purpose as do professions of peaceful intentions, of his desire to relax tensions and end the cold war. Khrushchev must know that the procedural question of who meets where is less important than the substantive terms of a settlement, say, of the Berlin issue. If he had wanted to settle that issue short of the surrender of the Western position, he could have given his terms to our ambassador in Moscow or to his ambassador in Washington to be transmitted to our government, or he could have instructed his foreign minister to negotiate with the Western foreign ministers a settlement acceptable to them. There are, it is true, extraordinary issues of transcendent importance with which only the heads of state might be able to cope. The Berlin issue is not one of them.

Why, then, has Khrushchev been so insistent on meeting at the summit? The answer to that question has nothing to do with

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any of the substantive issues outstanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. Summit meetings are the most direct and spectacular attempt at making Khrushchev's new foreign policy respectable throughout the world, at disarming the Western alliance in the face of it, and at opening the gates for its success in the allied and uncommitted nations.

How this three-stage mechanism—Soviet challenge to relax tensions, American acceptance, allied and neutral relaxation—operates has already become apparent in the aftermath of Khrushchev's visit. Obviously, so the reasoning runs, Khrushchev and his policies cannot be as bad as all that if the most powerful and thus far implacable enemy of the Soviet Union organizes a continental circus for him and receives him as a respectable statesman with whom—in contrast to Stalin—it is possible to do business. If the United States can do business with Khrushchev, why not Japan? And so, immediately following the Khrushchev visit, leading members of the Japanese government party rushed to Moscow and Peiping. President Soekarno of Indonesia replied to the critics of his address to a Communist rally that, if the United States can talk to Khrushchev, he can talk to the Indonesian Communists. The government of Iran has raised similar questions in its relations with the Soviet Union. The tone and arguments of the British press of September 1959 resemble those of September 1938 to such an extent that, as an official who made a study of it commented, they could be interchanged, save for the names, without anyone noticing.

If Khrushchev can now view the over-all world scene with satisfaction, he can also feel triumphant and a bit contemptuous when he beholds the disarray of American foreign policy and public opinion which his visit left in its wake. For that honorable desire to be done with preparations for war and to have peace once and for all, which from Demosthenes' Athens to Chamberlain's Britain has darkened the judgment of the democracies, threatens again to confuse our thoughts and emasculate our actions.

It is indeed awkward for those who, like myself, have for more than ten years advocated a negotiated settlement with the Soviet Union as the only alternative to war, now to have to disassociate themselves from a diplomatic initiative which, thus far at least, has honored the principle of negotiations in appearance rather than substance. Negotiations are an attempt at reconciling divergent interests through a process of give-and-take in which both sides either concede minor points while leaving the substance of their interests intact, or else in which one side receives through compensations from the other at least the equivalent of what it concedes. Negotiations, then, require first of all objective conditions conducive to a negotiated settlement; there must be room for maneuver, for retreat, advance, and side-stepping, for mutual concessions. When neither side can afford to yield an inch, negotiations are *a priori* impossible. Given the objective conditions conducive to a negotiated settlement, both sides, in order to negotiate successfully, must be strong enough to support their negotiating positions with promises of benefits and threats of disadvantages. In other words, they must be able, in Dean Acheson's famous phrase, to negotiate from strength.

The American position with respect to these two requirements of successful negotiations has, as a result of the Khrushchev visit, been rendered, at the very least, ambiguous and has thus been weakened. What is being hailed as the beginning of a negotiated settlement appears rather to be, at this stage at least, the beginning of a softening-up process which, if it is not stopped, can only end in the surrender of the Western position. The claim that we have started on the road to a genuine negotiated settlement has from the outset been made doubtful by the aura of vulgarity and frivolity which enveloped this visit. Here are two men, Eisenhower and Khrushchev, who hold the fate of the world in their anxious hands, and one visits the other with the declared

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purpose of halting the drift toward war. Can one imagine a more incongruous setting for so noble and weighty a task, a setting less conducive for the concentrated thought required for its accomplishment, than this traveling circus with its clowning and obscenities, to which the brief confrontation at Camp David was attached almost as an afterthought? The visit was indeed a modern equivalent of Nero fiddling while Rome burned. And it is testing our credulity to try to make us believe, as Khrushchev did, that the purpose of such an exhibition of levity was to lay the foundations for an honorable and enduring peace.

The manner in which our government conceived the Khrushchev trip, and its timing, helped assure that the trip would turn out to be a propaganda success for the Soviet Union, rather than a step toward peace for the world. When the President reversed his position of long standing, for which the late Secretary Dulles was mainly responsible, and invited Khrushchev, he acted from a position of weakness and in a mood of despair. The negotiations about Berlin had failed and the United States, unable to fight a conventional war of more than small dimensions, faced the prospect of either backing down or measurably raising the stakes in that continuous poker game of the mutual nuclear deterrent. Unwilling to face either alternative squarely, the government resorted in desperation to the one device which had never been tried before: an encounter between Eisenhower and Khrushchev in the United States. This encounter was conceived by our government not as part of a well thought-out plan to negotiate in earnest on the outstanding issues, but rather as a gimmick, a gesture, a stalling device, which would gain time and at least postpone a showdown. And it was carefully timed for a maximum effect on the British elections.

We have indeed gained time, but for what? Are we still holding fast to the essential distinction between the two types of negotiations, one affecting secondary issues since the primary interests themselves cannot be reconciled, the other exchanging interest for interest? The Berlin issue is clearly of the former type. The Soviet Union wants us to leave Berlin, and we want to stay; no compromise can bridge these two positions. Neither we nor the Soviet Union can accommodate the other side without surrendering its very position. We can negotiate about the conditions of our presence in Berlin, not about that presence itself. Rather, our presence in Berlin is the incontestable foundation upon which negotiations concerning the conditions can proceed. We have said we will negotiate with the Soviet Union. But from what position and about what?

THE West has begun the process of giving way while Khrushchev has not given an inch. Much has been made of Khrushchev's alleged concession in removing the time limit for negotiations. In truth, no time limit could have been removed at Camp David because none existed. Whatever time limit there had been lapsed when the Soviet Union allowed its original six-month time limit to expire in May 1959 without taking action. From then on, negotiations were carried on in a normal fashion, as they will be carried on from now on. Furthermore, and most importantly, Khrushchev is free, even in the absence of a time limit, to stop negotiations and take action whenever he sees fit, and the Camp David communiqué emphasized his freedom by stipulating that the negotiations should not be protracted indefinitely.

Yet while Khrushchev has conceded nothing either in substance or procedure, Eisenhower has begun to concede the substance of the Western position by calling the situation in Berlin "abnormal." A situation that is abnormal must be made normal by being changed. In fact, there is nothing abnormal in the Berlin situation, in view of Western interests and assumptions. For if the division of the German capital is symbolic of the division of Germany, then the removal of the Western presence in Berlin is contingent upon the removal of the Soviet presence in East Germany. The division of

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Germany, maintained by the armed forces of the Soviet Union, is symbolically duplicated in Berlin; one ought not to disappear without the other. What is abnormal is the presence of the Red Army a hundred miles east of the Rhine, preventing the East German population from joining their compatriots in the West, except by migration. As a counterfoil to that abnormality, the Western presence in Berlin is perfectly normal. To call it something else is to give the game away, at least in words.

Negotiations are no more an end in themselves than are peace, relaxation of tensions, and the termination of the cold war. What is decisive are the unsettled substantive issues which disturb peace, create tensions, and must be settled by negotiations. None of these issues was brought closer to an acceptable settlement by the Khrushchev visit, and they have all been beclouded by it. We cooperated with Khrushchev in creating a fog of distortion and illusion—we out of thoughtlessness, he by design. From within that fog the cunning, determined vulgarian from the East watches the giant from the West, aimless in complacency, sleepy from past success. We can believe Khrushchev when he tells us that, for the time being, he brings us peace, not a sword. But sword or no sword, he has made what he means by peace perfectly clear; it is the peace of the burial ground. Whatever he says and does is designed to hasten on that peace.

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SATMAR IN BROOKLYN

A Zealot Community

HARRY GERSH and SAM MILLER

WILLIAMSBURG, one of the oldest parts of Brooklyn, is the new home of the Hasidic followers of the Satmar Rebbe. Clustered in the areas to the east and south of the familiar great gold dome of the Williamsburg Savings Bank, visible even from across the bridge in Manhattan, live some fifteen hundred families who obey the Rebbe, leader of one of the three major sects that make up —together with numerous lesser groups— the Hasidic "shtetl" in the borough of Brooklyn. The Lubavitcher, on Eastern Parkway, and the Klausenburger, also in Williamsburg, are the renowned leaders of the other two large groups. The Satmar Rebbe has won for himself a rather special place by his unrelenting, pure, and active hostility to what he regards as the "sacrilege" of the State of Israel and the "apostasy" of all non-Hasidic Jewry. The other sects of Hasidim have made their peace with Israel.

To get over to the Williamsburg "shtetl" by subway from Manhattan is unexpectedly complicated, as if one were in fact traveling to some foreign place. One must first seek, or even lose, one's way in the underground complex at Canal Street and Broadway and find the subway there that speeds under Essex and Orchard and Clinton Streets—the memorable East Side of those earlier emigrations from all the *shtetlach* of East Europe— and over the Williamsburg Bridge to the Marcy Avenue station. Emerging, the visitor is very likely to be accosted by a pair of teenagers in the garb of the neighborhood—earlocks hanging down from under a businessman's fedora, ritual fringe showing at the waist—and handed a leaflet written in both Yiddish and English, excoriating the State of Israel.

A stroll through Hasidic Williamsburg reveals a neighborhood that is certainly not the kind of slum we think of when we recall the warrens of the old East Side, or of present Harlem and the East Bronx. Quite a few open streets are lined with one-family houses which appear still to be inhabited by single families. These are, outwardly, in as good repair as the homes in any middle-class neighborhood of Brooklyn or the Bronx. On other blocks, six-story apartment houses of the vintage of the 1920's are interspersed among older brownstones, which also appear quite habitable. Then there are the slum blocks—rows of brownstones now sheltering six families where a single family once resided.

Bedford Avenue remains the solidest street in the area, showing evidences of its former dominance. High-stooped brownstones that used to require two "in help" for their upkeep stand facing decayed mansions with mansard roofs. The Satmar Rebbe himself lives at 500 Bedford Avenue, and his congregation, Yetev Lev d' Satmar, is housed at Number 550. The building next to the congregation, now part of the Satmar school system, still carries the legend of the Williamsburg Boys Club in the fanlight over the street door. Unexpectedly, on the corner of Bedford Avenue and Wilson Street, an incongruous ruin presents itself—the shell of a Gothic church, complete with rose window, roofless and crumbling, its brownstone

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pitted as from centuries. It is the one tumbledown structure on the Avenue.

The neighborhood is culturally and racially a mixed one. Besides the large numbers of Hasidic families, there are other Jews, as well as Puerto Ricans and Negroes. The latter are the more heavily represented on the slum blocks. While most of the streets look to be uni-racial, certain blocks appear to house a mixture of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and "whites." One block of Driggs Street, for example, is white on one side, colored on the other.

The Hasidim are not alone in Williamsburg in their passion for the strict interpretation of the revealed word. The area is a haven for fundamentalist sects of all kinds, almost every street showing a house of study or worship according to some ritual. There seem to be as many Spanish Pentecostal and Negro Evangelical storefront churches as Jewish religious buildings. One of the latter is the yeshiva of the Novominsker Rebbe, a stately, well-proportioned, high-ceilinged brownstone, through whose large windows can be seen shelves on shelves of great, black-bound folios, and the heads of the old men nodding over open volumes. Four doors down stands an old church building in good repair, which once probably housed some Lutheran or Methodist congregation. It sports a new sign, however, inconsonant with its staid architecture, announcing that here is the place of the Light of the World Church, Pentecostal Puerto Rican. The music of a midweek service—an organ, maracas, and triangle can be identified—pours into the street and into the open windows of the Novominsker yeshiva.

But the "shtetl" dominates: the visitor is most of all aware of the ubiquitous *peyes*, the curled earlocks that adorn every Hasidic male, of whatever age—small boys of two or three, teen-agers, and of course adults, who wear them descending into their beards. That way, as part of a bearded face, they seem natural to the memory. But earlocks on infants, earlocks along with blue jeans, earlocks with summer crewcuts, earlocks on tow-headed youngsters, all descending from the skullcap—these seem, at the least, bizarre on the American scene. The exotic earlock is, nevertheless, no impediment to the familiar Brooklyn street play. A five-year-old boy with blue skullcap atop his brown *peyes* rides a tricycle in circles, chased by a younger playmate, with blond earlocks and yellow skullcap, who is trying to mount the back treads. A third boy in a black skullcap runs after, calling, *"Shtel zich aroif, Yosele, shtel zich aroif!"*

Maybe there is less ball playing than would be normal in a similar area anywhere else in the city, though there are just as many boys on the street. In a schoolyard, a fifteen-year-old, with the usual skullcap and *peyes*, sinks baskets with two non-Hasidic fellow players. In an open space a block away, four earlocked youngsters toss a ball back and forth. One of the boys, sporting a camp tee-shirt with the legend "Moriah Day Camp" and the symbol, in green, of a Torah scroll, keeps yelling, "Okay, Pinchas, *tsu mir*." Throughout the area, Yiddish is the language of all ages and activities. The shop signs in English are repeated in Yiddish.

Something seems missing from the streets, some imbalance is felt: there are no grown girls or young women to be seen. The little girls, from two to ten, are playing on the stoops and pavements, and mothers lean out of upper-story windows to call to their children or watch the passing scene. But there are no teen-age girls visible—girls at the marriageable age, that is. At first glance, too, it appears to the visitor that most of the women seen in their homes and on the street have kept their own hair. A closer look shows that at least some are wearing the traditional wigs—but very good ones. A group of mothers watching their children in the playground back of Public School 16 include two with wigs, one wearing a decidedly modish hat, and two with headcoverings of the kerchief type common in any supermarket on a weekday morning. The pious, sparkling white shawl of the old Lower East Side is not seen in Williamsburg.

No shops selling women's garments are in

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evidence in the quarter—the flagrant display of female undergarments would be an affront to the Orthodox male. But two or three men's clothing stores appear to be prospering. All advertise their wares as "100 per cent wool" in large English and Yiddish signs: the Orthodox injunction against the mixing of fibers is here implied. All the suits shown in the store windows are double-breasted, and two stores carry caftans, one of them advertising *Rabboinishe Malbushim*—clerical garments. Caftans cost $55, in gray or black, in gabardine or worsted. For the unknowing, they are labeled "Prince Albert."

Among the shops is seen a laundromat—two long lines of gleaming white machines that soak, wash, rinse, and dry, automatically. The bearded, skullcapped, earlocked man checking the machines appears as a startling anachronism. Also anachronistically, two professions remain home industries in the "shtetl": the practice of law and the teaching of music. Almost every one of the "good" blocks has one or two signs of the gallows type: a one-armed "T" with a shingle dependent from the arm. They proclaim the offices of lawyers, attorneys at law, counselors at law; or they advertise music teachers, piano teachers, violin lessons. The Satmar Rebbe does not hold with such secular diversions as television, and the universal TV antenna is missing from the houses of his followers.

The community comprises a portion of the 90th Police Precinct, the station house fronting a small park in the quarter. The police speak of their Hasidic constituents as the "bearded ones"—a strange lot, in their judgment, but admirable citizens. The area is congested, and has the juvenile delinquency and general arrest rate usual for such neighborhoods. But no officer in the precinct recalls ever arresting, or even bringing in for questioning, any member of the Satmar Rebbe's flock, young or old. "If they have any quarrels," the desk sergeant says, "they take them to their Rabbi. They have no juvenile delinquency, take care of their kids, make no disturbances, don't go on relief, and certainly have no prostitution or other woman trouble." Once in a great while the police blotter records a complaint from one of the Satmar group. A non-Jewish family new to the district may react to the foreignness of their Hasidic neighbors by teasing and persecuting them in a mild sort of way. According to the police, the Satmar people will take a great deal, but when they are finally irritated beyond endurance, they come into the station to complain. An officer is sent around to talk to the "others" and "straighten them out."

A fair proportion of the people in the streets and sitting on the benches in the little square before the police station are evidently Jewish, although clean-shaven and minus the skullcaps; the women even wear lipstick. They are non-Hasidic Jews. But these people all appear to be in their fifties, or older. The young folks have fled to less parochial areas of the city. However, almost all the storekeepers, even those without the *peyes*, wear skullcaps—save for pharmacists. Six years ago the Satmar group tried to force a reluctant Jewish storekeeper (much of whose trade was with non-Hasidic families) to shut his store up on Saturday. Police had to disperse the crowd then, and there has since been no repetition of the incident—not on home grounds, in any case. If there is an occasional anti-Israel riot, it generally starts outside the quarter.

THE town the Jews have always called "Satmar" lies in the multi-national corner of Transylvania in which three states meet: Rumania, Hungary, and Ruthenia (or Carpatho-Ukraine). The Magyars who ruled the town before 1918 and, under Hitler's auspices, during World War II, called it Szatmar-Nemeti. The Rumanians, who acquired the town under the Treaty of Trianon in 1920 and regained it in 1945, call it Satu Mare.

Jews made up a large part of the town's 50,000 population before Hitler sent most of the Hungarian Jews to Auschwitz. The Jewish community always included a militant Orthodox minority, Hasidic in outlook. Before World War I, these Hasidim were

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engaged in a bitter struggle against the worldly-educated, assimilationist-minded Jews of Budapest and their confreres in Satmar. On their side, the worldly Jews looked with disdain—and uneasiness—on the mystic fervor, provincial backwardness, and uncompromising adherence to Orthodoxy of the Hasidim of Satmar and the other country towns. One of the earliest Hasidic leaders of Hungary was the *Tsaddik* Moses Teitelbaum, the Rebbe of the Jews of Satoraljaujhely, known in Yiddish as "Uhely." His ministry lasted from 1808 until his death in 1841. An imposing figure, much revered as teacher and judge, Moses was the author of the *Yismach Moshe*, a work of Biblical exegesis. He was followed by four generations of Rebbes who held court for the most part in the north Transylvanian town of Marmaros-Sziget—called Sziget by the Jews, but not the cosmopolitan Szeged that is Hungary's second largest city.

The present Satmar Rebbe of Williamsburg, Joel Teitelbaum, is not in direct line of succession to the Tsaddik Moses Teitelbaum. Joel's father had designated Joel's older brother as his spiritual heir. Joel refused to accept the decision and, after overcoming strong community resistance, ultimately succeeded to the leadership of Satmar. The uncompromising belief in his own election, and his forcible will, led him to other bitter controversies with famous teachers and rabbis, including the revered Hasidic scholar Chayim Eleazer Shapiro of nearby Munkacs. As a result, Joel's reputation as a zealot had spread well beyond the confines of Hungarian Jewry before World War II.

Ironically, Teitelbaum, bitterly anti-Zionist and anti-Israel, was saved from the concentration camp by the Labor Zionist Israel Kastner,* whom the SS authorized to select a trainload of Hungarian Jews to be sent to Switzerland. Among those selected by Kastner was the Satmar Rebbe. After a brief stay in Switzerland, the Rebbe went on to Palestine. He came to the United States in 1947. Settled in Williamsburg, the Satmar Rebbe has built an impressive domain around his congregation, Yetev Lev d' Satmar. It includes four *mikvehs*, a matzoh bakery occupying an entire building, and the Satmar school system.

Although an appreciable number of Orthodox Jews lived in Williamsburg before World War II, the achievements of the Satmar group would have been impossible without the postwar immigration of many survivors of East European Jewry. The Satmar congregation in Williamsburg served as a magnet for hundreds of Hasidim whose own Rebbes had been killed by the Nazis. Rebbe Teitelbaum also brought to the United States a sizable number of followers acquired during his stay in Palestine. Their immigration was made possible, in part, by the Satmar group's deep commitment to mutual aid; members already established in this country provided the support affidavits required to bring other followers into the United States. When new immigrants arrive, the Rebbe places them in the businesses owned by members of the congregation. The jobs thus obtained may be miserably low paid, but they are jobs in which Hasidic attire and strict observance of the Sabbath are not handicaps.

An abundance of capital is not always available for the Satmar undertakings—many of them, in fact, operate on the proverbial shoestring. A constant appeal for funds is made, and the members, even the indigent ones, often accept heavy financial sacrifices in order to give to the support of the religious, educational, and charitable purposes sponsored by the Satmar Rebbe. A major source of income is the sale of second-hand clothing which the members solicit door to door in the greater New York area. There are well-to-do individuals who give support to the movement—notably diamond brokers and a few manufacturers.

PUBLIC School 16 covers the block on Wilson Street between Bedford Avenue and Lee Avenue. It is of the red brick-monumental-functional style popular about thirty-five years ago. But it isn't rundown and has a

*See "The Kastner Case," by W. Z. Laqueur (December 1955).

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large play area. However, none of the boys of the Satmar families attend P.S. 16. They are taught in the Satmar school system, served by something like one hundred and twenty instructors, two-thirds of whom, approximately, teach religious subjects in the Yiddish language. The rest see to the curriculum required by the state law.

At 95 Boerum Street, in Williamsburg, the United Talmudical Academy Torah Vyirah has about 2,600 students—1,500 boys and 1,100 girls. The building is divided in half by locked doors which separate the sexes. This yeshiva, housed in a former vocational high school building, is, according to its principal, the largest yeshiva elementary school in the world. The Satmar system also includes day-school branches in Boro Park, Crown Heights, and on Manhattan's East Side, as well as affiliated schools in Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Belgium, Canada, and Israel. The congregation's original yeshiva at 550 Bedford Avenue is now the Mesiftah (or Mesivtah, an Aramaic word meaning yeshiva but now used to describe a school for advanced Talmudic studies). Here about seventy young men drawn from all corners of the Satmar Rebbe's world-wide realm pursue graduate studies, and about one hundred boys, twelve to fourteen, undergo "pre-Mesiftah" training.

In their long school day, the Satmar children are taught English and the other secular subjects demanded by the state until they reach sixteen; this, of course, is in addition to the Yiddish language and the religious subjects. Those over sixteen who continue their education in the Satmar academies concentrate on non-secular studies. Strong pressures are put on the youth against pursuing higher education in a field which might produce conflict with a fundamentalist interpretation of Torah and Talmud; any study contradicting the Biblical view of the creation of man and the world is forbidden. However, continued education in the industrial arts and sciences is encouraged.

An official of the school offered the rationalization: "We know that the All-Highest created the world 5,720 years ago. It would confuse the children to hear outside that the world evolved slowly over three billion years, while the rabbi says that it was created in one day less than six millennia ago. We know that God created man out of a lump of clay, and gave him life. How can we also allow a child to be taught that man was descended from the animals?" He added, "The child is not competent to judge whether Moses, in giving us the Torah, was a liar or not."

DESPITE the Hasidic belief that Torah and Talmud teach all necessary astronomy, physics, and mathematics, the children appear to be getting a secular education beyond that required by the state Board of Regents. The reporter was treated, in a visit to the Satmar school, to a demonstration by the eighth grade girls' class of its science knowledge. It was the first week of the new school year, and the girls were showing what they had learned during the preceding semester, in the seventh grade. Questioned by their teacher, a middle-aged woman wearing her hat, in the presence of the reporter and the school principal, the girls proved that they knew what atoms and molecules were; something about the periodic table; why carbon was the building block element for sustaining life; what hydrocarbons were and why they were important. The answers were volunteered by about a third of the class of twenty-five girls, and it seemed to the reporter that they knew far more science than children of the same grade in the average New York City public school. At the close of the demonstration (unprepared, since the class did not know that the reporter was coming), the principal asked the girls: "And who created the atom?" The response was unanimous: "Der Ebershteh—the All-Highest."

A question from the reporter brought the reply from one of the rabbi-officials of the school (who offered that he had studied psychology and sociology) that his investigation of pupil attitudes indicated that the children did not feel estranged from their larger environment. They were not envious of the

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greater freedom of their non-Hasidic neighbors. They were happy, he said, and free of resentment at the restrictions imposed by their parents' view of the world. Finally, he declared that 99 per cent of the children growing up in the Satmar milieu remain members of the congregation, strong adherents of its religious and social codes.

The Satmar Hasidim, tracing their theology from the Baal Shem Tov (like the other Hasidic sects), believe that there can be no division between secular life and religious life. There are no private lives, they say. All life and all activity in life must be in relation to God and His law. Therefore total adherence to the entire roster of Torah-revealed commandments is implicit in being a Jew. To the reporter one of the Satmar rabbis explained, however, that there were no real theological differences between them and other Orthodox believers. It was a question of emphasis more than theology: "Modern American Orthodoxy," he said, "tries to find ways of adapting religion to modern society. This, in itself, opens the door to change. We, on the other hand, do not want to change our religion or religious practices and so do not seek any justification for change."

The Hasidic insistence on tradition in religious and daily life he interpreted as being based on psychological and sociological grounds rather than on religious. "Of course we follow the injunctions regarding the wearing of fringes, and not trimming the beard, and the division of the sexes, because Torah requires it. But there are other reasons, too. These exaggerated differences are our greatest armor against assimilation. They build a wall between Jew and non-Jew. We will not compromise with tradition because any compromise is a breach in that wall—and will inevitably widen."

He continued to the reporter: "You are a good Jew. But your son is brought up to play with non-Jews, to have social relationships with them, to think of them as being no different from himself. Perhaps it will end there with your son. But how about his son, your grandson? Why shouldn't he accept this theory altogether—and marry a non-Jew?"

He hastened to add that this view did not imply segregation or discrimination. "In fact, we fight discrimination against any people. But Jews must maintain their differences, particularly in America where the pressures for assimilation are so great. Only in this way can we preserve Torah Judaism."

Referring to the example of himself, the rabbi showed how tradition guards the Hasid from unnecessary contact with worldliness. "I do not go to the theater," he said. "And even if I wanted to, I couldn't go." He pointed to his full beard, his *peyes*, his clothing. "If I walked into a theater garbed as I am the audience would laugh at me rather than at the comedians on the stage. So you see the virtue becomes a necessity."

"You," he pointed again to the reporter, "are a Jew. But you trim your beard, cut off your *peyes*. You probably do not even put on phylacteries. However, I accept you as a person. For instance: you are a college man, no? How do you regard an illiterate? Surely as a person; but one with no learning and little understanding. It may not be the illiterate's fault. His parents may not have permitted him to be taught. They may have been too poor to provide education. Or he may not have the head for study. But he could be a fine person. That is how I regard you. Why you are not an observing Jew I do not know. Something is lacking. In this area you are uneducated, you lack understanding. But this does not detract from you as a person." He added: "However, it is not necessary to go to school to acquire learning. Some people study by themselves. So, too, with religion. Some day you may find the truth within yourself."

THE Satmar congregation does exactly what their Rebbe says, and it does only what he says they may do. Trying to make the reporter understand the relation between Rebbe and followers, a spokesman for the group said, "He is like a king to us."

The comparison of the Rebbe with a king

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is not so far-fetched as it sounds. The group's Yiddish newspaper, *Der Yid,* commonly refers to the Rebbe as *Manhig Hador,* Leader of Our Generation, and *Tsaddik Hador,* Upright One of Our Generation. "Only such a spiritual giant as the Satmar Rebbe could have the strength to lead the erring mass of the Jewish people on the proper path," the newspaper observed in November 1958. In the same issue, the paper urged all Jews everywhere to celebrate the 21st of Kislev, anniversary of the day the Rebbe escaped from Hungary: "On Pesach we say that the Almighty, blessed be He, liberated not only our forefathers from Egypt, but us together with them. Likewise, we can proclaim that not only was our Rebbe saved by the Almighty on the 21st Kislev, but each one of us, and not merely we the living but our future generations also, nay, even more than that—the entire community of Israel."

Describing the escape of the "adornment of our heads, the light of our eyes, our master Joel Teitelbaum," the newspaper said: "On that day the Almighty led forth our holy rabbi—may he be granted a long and goodly life—from darkness to light. As we have the privilege of finding shelter in his shadow, of warming ourselves by his light, may we be so privileged in the future. . . . Thus shall we proceed and go forward until the Messiah of Righteousness shall come, soon and in our days."

Such absolute, self-abnegating reverence for the Rebbe is confined, in Williamsburg, to his own congregation. In the Brooklyn "shtetl," as of old in Hungary, the Satmar remains a figure of controversy. The Klausenburger Rebbe, Y. Y. Halberstam, who was active in the German DP camps after the war, refuses to accept Rebbe Teitelbaum's leadership or views on Israel. Rebbe Halberstam's social and educational activities include sponsorship of the Kiryat Tsanz resettlement project near Natanya, Israel. Neither does the renowned Lubavitcher Rebbe share the Satmar's views. Yet, in fact, Rebbe Teitelbaum's extreme rejection of Israel makes him an influential as well as a controversial figure.

Nor does his rejection of Israel mean he lacks zealous adherents there. His overseas dominion reaches to the Mea Shearim quarter in Jerusalem. The ultra-Orthodox Neturei Karta, the "Guardians of the Wall," look upon the Satmar Rebbe as their leader. Neturei Karta was founded in Palestine in 1936 when Amram Blau and about a score of his followers were expelled as extremists from Agudat Israel. They too believed that only Divine Grace and the coming of the Messiah could redeem the Jews and establish a Jewish state; therefore any attempt—like the Zionists'—to achieve this end by unaided human effort was regarded by them as sacrilege.

Since the establishment of Israel, Neturei Karta and the Satmar group have refused to recognize the Jerusalem government or any of its instrumentalities. The State of Israel has further confirmed them in their view by permitting secular education, work on the Sabbath, women in the military, and the like. (Refusal to recognize Israel made necessary some peculiar arrangements for Rebbe Teitelbaum's recent visit to Israel. He and his entourage of fifty traveled by Turkish steamship to Haifa. Neturei Karta chartered a special train to take him to Jerusalem, for which they printed special tickets—without the hated Israel insignia.)

Joel Teitelbaum's "maximalist" opposition to Zionism goes back fifty years. While in Hungary he was only one of many Orthodox leaders who were critical of political Zionism—the secular movements which gave rise to Israel's Mapam, Mapai, General Zionist, Herut, and other parties. But the Satmar Rebbe was virtually alone in his staunch opposition to the Orthodox world organization Agudat Israel, which opposed the political Zionists. Today, Agudat Israel, while critical of many policies of the Israeli government, functions as a loyal opposition. The Neturei Karta and the Satmar movement denounce the very basis of the Israeli state. The crucial difference between loyal opposition and outright hostility was strikingly demonstrated when Rebbe

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Teitelbaum called for a boycott of the Israeli elections. It was Israel's religious parties—the only parties which would suffer from such a boycott—that were then openly critical of his stand.

What keeps the Satmar Rebbe from total ostracism by the rest of the Jewish community is the strong sense of grievance evoked in many Orthodox groups by Israeli events. Not all these people share the Rebbe's unswerving hatred of Zionism. But the Satmar Rebbe's followers, with all their considerable distortion and exaggeration, have been able to capitalize adroitly on real occurrences, so that they can draw five hundred Hasidim to a picketline around the White House and four thousand people to a protest meeting in New York.

The mixed swimming pool incident was a case in point. To the Orthodox, the proprieties of the holy city of Jerusalem are offended by the sight of men and women together, in modern bathing suits. (Mixed bathing on the shores of the Mediterranean and in other areas has not been challenged.) Announcement of a swimming pool to be opened in a neighborhood near Jerusalem's Mea Shearim quarter provoked such deep feeling among Orthodox believers in Israel that, in May 1958, 20,000 persons there marched in a protest demonstration led by eminent Torah scholars. Here in the United States the incident was an occasion for the Satmar group to stage a picketline demonstration at the White House against the "Unheard Brutality of Israel Zionist Police" (so the demonstrators' banners proclaimed); and a leaflet read, "Religious Jews Oppose Atrocious Acts of Israeli Atrocities"—the last word in the legend undoubtedly being a printer's error for "Authorities."

Rabbi Simon Jacobs, who spoke to reporters on behalf of the demonstrators, explained why they were picketing the White House: "Because the President and Congress have a tremendous influence over Israel, we want them to intervene against anti-religious oppression as well as coercion in Israel." Leaflets handed by demonstrators to passersby said, "Our Jewish brethren . . . are being persecuted, tortured, and held in prison by the Israeli authorities." Another leaflet claimed that "Since its inception the State of Israel follows a determined policy of systematically eradicating Jewish religion in its boundaries." One St. Patrick's Day, bearded and earlocked Satmar stalwarts were to be seen passing out anti-Israel leaflets to the startled Irishmen parading on Fifth Avenue.

Previous demonstrations mobilized with the "help" of the Satmar Rebbe have brought 5,000 people before the Israeli consulate, 3,500 people to Manhattan Center, and either 2,000 or 10,000 to Union Square—the first is the Jewish Telegraphic Agency's figure, the second *Der Yid's*. Speakers at these meetings are not all holders of the Satmar extremist views. They have included Rav Aaron Kotler of Lakewood, New Jersey, the "Kletzker Rosh Yeshiva" and head of the American Agudat Israel's "Council of the Torah Great," and Frankfort-born Rabbi Simon Schwab, associate rabbi of a German Jewish congregation in New York.

THE "National Committee for Freedom of Religion in Israel" was established six years ago with the strong support of the Satmar Rebbe and the tacit backing of Agudat Israel. At its inception, the Committee's primary aim was to have Orthodox girls exempted from conscription in the State of Israel. After the Israeli government had conceded this, Agudat Israel withdrew its support and assumed that the Committee would go out of existence. Instead, it was moved to a Williamsburg address by Satmar partisans whom it had provided with an instrument for being heard in places which had previously been inaccessible to them.

Within the Committee itself there are some who object to the Satmar group's unceasing efforts to catch the eye of the non-Jewish world. The Rebbe's followers, however, argue that, "Only in this way can we really embarrass the Zionists. They don't listen to Hebrew protests, certainly not to Yiddish ones, but they sit up and take no-

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tice when we run English newspaper ads, when we see Congressmen, or when our mass meetings are reported in the American press." When the proposal to picket the White House was first advanced, it met with strong resistance within the National Committee, and as a result the "World Union of Orthodox Jewish Communities" was set up. Earlier, a demonstration which the National Committee had been reluctant to sponsor was staged by a hastily formed "United Orthodox Jewish Congregations and Organizations in America"—an organization which has since disappeared without a trace.

The present office of the National Committee for Freedom of Religion in Israel consists of a single sparsely furnished room in a Williamsburg office building. Next door are the offices of the "Central Rabbinical Congress," composed reportedly of about two hundred Satmar graduates and partisans. Adjoining this room are the editorial offices of *Der Yid,* which claims on its masthead to be "The Voice of the American Orthodox Jewry."

The "World Union of Orthodox Jewish Communities," sponsors of the White House picketing and of a two-column anti-Israeli ad in the New York *Times* on July 11, 1958, on the other hand, is not so easy to find. Jewish organizations and agencies in New York have no record of it. The New York Telephone Company does not know it. The New York address on its leaflets, 465 W. 51st Street, turned out to be a telephone answering service and mail drop. The operator of the answering service has been instructed to forward letters and inquiries, but not to reply to any questions. The World Union of Orthodox Jewish Communities turns out to be a letterhead organization which, behind the elaborate camouflage, is directed by Satmar zealots.

Led by its frail, seventy-three-year-old Rebbe, who is purported not to have slept in a bed in fifty years, and who remains inaccessible to the curious outsider, the Satmar movement is characterized by an extremist intolerance toward opponents and causes. A case in point was the Satmar people's treatment of the rabbi who for twenty-seven years had occupied the pulpit of the B'nai Israel Community Center Synagogue on Williamsburg's Fourth Avenue. He served as president of the local Mizrachi chapter, occasionally supported Israeli fund-raising efforts, chose to be clean-shaven, and ruled that it was permissible to drink pasteurized milk even though no *kashruth* inspector had approved it. Morning after morning, the rabbi found his front steps covered with noisome garbage. His windows were painted with tar to which was affixed anti-Israeli leaflets. He was rudely accosted in the street by youngsters in skullcaps and *peyes.* His telephone rang all through the night, and when it was answered, anonymous voices cursed him. His wife was spat on in the street. One day she received a telephone call telling her that her husband had been run over by a truck. The rabbi finally resigned his lifetime contract with his congregation and moved away, although he had no other appointment.

This was only the most flagrant case. Rabbi Aaron B. Shurin, author of a critical article on the Satmar group in the *Jewish Daily Forward,* was also the victim of a round-the-clock campaign of telephone abuse. Rabbi Shurin suffered weeks of persecution, until he had his telephone changed to an unlisted number. When the Satmar group demonstrated before the Israeli consulate, Rabbi Max Kirshblum, president of the Mizrachi Organization of America, issued a critical statement. Rabbi Kirshblum, too, got the telephone treatment; finally, an anonymous phone call came to the national office of the Mizrachi, claiming that Rabbi Kirshblum had just been "killed" in a traffic accident. Chaim Lieberman, religious columnist for the *Jewish Daily Forward* was another telephone victim. And the author of a letter to the *Forward* praising Lieberman received scores of magazines to which he had never subscribed, followed by bills for them. Salesmen of all types came to his door in response to his "requests." Organizations

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sent trucks to pick up clothes and furniture he had "offered." A Catholic priest thanked him for his letter expressing "interest" in the Church. In June 1958, according to *Der Yid,* copies of the *Forward* and the *Day-Morning Journal,* another Jewish daily, were publicly burned in Williamsburg. The Satmar movement's wrath was also turned on Rabbi Eliezer Silver of Cincinnati, seventy-nine-year-old president of the Union of Orthodox Rabbis, when he criticized the "World Union's" ad in the New York *Times* as offensive to religious law. He was threatened with physical violence if he set foot in Williamsburg. An Israel Bond Rally at the huge "Brisker Shul" on Williamsburg's Clymer Street had to be called off when Satmar partisans jammed the synagogue to threaten rabbi and speakers. Police had to quell a riot in the Old Fifth Street Synagogue when Satmar zealots tried to drag Benyamin Mintz, Deputy Speaker of the Israeli Knesset, off the dais.

During the telephone campaign against Chaim Lieberman and the *Forward,* Rebbe Teitelbaum was urged, without success, to voice his disapproval. Finally, in a rare interview, given to the Toronto *Jewish Journal* in October 1958, the Rebbe denied categorically the news reports that his Hasidim "had terrorized their adversaries through telephone calls and other inadmissible means." The Rebbe attributed these stories to the Israeli government, "past masters in spreading false rumors about their opponents."

Significantly, there have been no stories of such "terrorizing" since the Rebbe released his statement. Credit for the change is given by some to a reported intervention by the District Attorney's office. *Der Yid* denies this. The District Attorney's office will neither deny nor confirm. Another possible factor was alluded to in a column by Lieberman in the *Forward:* "The Rabbi, after all, also has a telephone, and so do the big fish in his entourage. Hence, it occurred to someone to pay it all back, a phone call for a phone call." A drop in contributions to the Satmar projects, as a result of antagonism to the anti-Israeli demonstrations, may also have had its effect.

Paradoxically, the recent "Who is a Jew?" controversy in Israel has tended to inhibit the Satmar group. When Agudat Israel and Mizrachi left Ben Gurion's cabinet in protest against the government's religious policies, the Satmar Rebbe was put in an anomalous position. To continue to fight against the Israeli government, he now had to side with Agudat Israel and Mizrachi. And he could hardly continue to fight the Orthodox parties when they were in opposition to the secularist leaders. It is undeniable that the extremist activities of the Satmar movement has caused in some uninformed Jews on the outside an undermining of confidence in all conspicuously pious and ultra-Orthodox groups.

A NUMBER of such ultra-Orthodox groups launched a vociferous campaign against a thirteen-million-dollar public housing project for the lower Bedford Avenue area recently proposed by the New York Housing Authority and approved by the Board of Estimate. They objected that not only would such housing change the character of their "shtetl," but the displaced Hasidic families would not be able to move into the new houses where elevators and other machines operate on the Sabbath. The same reasons, according to a knowledgeable banker, militated against a plan for Orthodox groups to build their own cooperative housing in the city.

Tracking down a story that appeared in the New York papers last June to the effect that the Satmar group was moving en masse to the New Jersey countryside, the reporter found himself negotiating for an interview, over a period of about two weeks, through a hierarchy of the lesser rabbis and the lay leaders of the Satmar people. The Rebbe himself, the only source of definitive information, was in Israel. In any case, he doesn't grant an audience to one who does not belong to his congregation. Finally, a spokesman for the group revealed that three hundred acres of New Jersey farmland have

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already been purchased by the group. The cost and details of the financing were not forthcoming, but the spokesman said the land was "not expensive." Title is held by the congregation. Exact plans and dates are vague since the Rebbe has not revealed them to his followers, but it is expected that building will begin this coming February. When the projected community is completed, it will house five hundred families, their stores, community activities, and workshops. The workshops will consist of knitting mills, also owned by "the congregation."

Private investment in other manufacturing or farming enterprises, from friends of the Satmar movement, will be welcomed. These enterprises will have to obey the strict Sabbath laws enjoined by the community and the other restrictions and strictures found in Bible and canon. For example, the law regarding *shatnes,* which forbids the mixing of different fibers, will be enforced.

Thus a new communal colony will be established in New Jersey, to rival earlier, anarchist settlements in that state and the mid-19th century primitive communist colonies in Indiana and upstate New York. If the New Satmar is successful, it will, nevertheless, move only about a third of the Satmar Rebbe's families out of Williamsburg. Five to ten thousand followers (they have a high birth rate) will remain in the Brooklyn "shtetl." "When he tells us to move, we will move. If he tells us to stay, we will stay."

So far this absolute faith has been well founded. That the Satmar Rebbe's followers have learned to adapt American techniques to the movement's uses has been strikingly demonstrated by them since their settlement in Williamsburg. Their educational system and the movement's network of propaganda organizations have shown a shrewd ability to overcome great obstacles. The Satmar community, with their Rebbe to lead them, is confident that it will continue to expand.

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CAN BRITISH LABOR COME BACK?

Planning England's "Scandinavian" Future

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON

THE remarkable thing about the British general election of October 1959 was not that the Conservatives won, but that anyone should have thought they might lose. Politicians are notoriously given to sudden panic waves on the eve of polling, but even so they might have reflected that, with all the odds in their favor, the Conservatives could not well fail to succeed, unless their day as a party was definitely over; and nothing this year suggested that Labor was capable of replacing them. This simple reflection seems indeed to have sustained some nervous Tories during the last hectic week of the campaign; but elsewhere —notably at Labor headquarters—a great deal of significance was read into opinion polls which showed an unusually large number of waverers. These turned out to have been mostly people who did not greatly care for either of the two major parties, and who at the last moment decided to plump for the Liberals. Since there were not enough of them, the Macmillan government was never in danger, and its present enlarged majority —though excessive in terms of actual votes cast—is a pretty good indicator of the balance of forces.

If the Tory victory was not really in doubt —though its extent was—Labor's defeat came as a surprise. This may sound absurd, but a party may fail to triumph and yet gain ground. Labor *lost* ground, and moreover did so for the fourth time running—counting from the 1950 election, which was really a defeat, though the Labor government then just managed to scrape through. The 1951, 1955, and 1959 contests were all straightforward defeats, and in the last two not only did Labor lose seats, but its voting support declined, while that of the Conservatives went up. To cap this uninspiring record, the Liberals this time did unexpectedly well, on a shoestring campaign, thus deflating the argument that all Labor needs is a bigger and more efficient machine.

Compared with 1955—when Labor's vote went down from 14 million to 12.5 million —there has been a further loss of some 200,000 Labor votes, while the Conservative poll rose by more than double this number to almost 14 million, and the Liberals actually increased their votes by nearly a million. But for the fact that they ran candidates in only about a third of the 630 constituencies, they might have rolled up some three million votes to match Labor's 12 million; even as it was, they did quite well with over a million and a half, many of them apparently former Labor supporters and—what is more noteworthy—*young* people. Of the splinter parties, the Communists (18 candidates and 30,000 votes) did considerably worse than the Scottish and Welsh Nationalists, neither of whom secured a seat; while Oswald Mosley came bottom of the poll in a London constituency notorious for its color problem —a newcomer in British elections.

So much for the bare bones. What of the significance? An election aftermath is always a good time for posing this question, and the experts have already come forward with some explanations. But even experts have their preconceptions, and their findings tend to be colored by what they would like to see in future. The Manchester *Guardian*,

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for example, having supported both Labor and the Liberals throughout the campaign —a remarkable feat of equilibristics—concluded (October 10) that what was needed was a Labor party even closer to its own Liberal heart, i.e., minus its remaining semi-socialist features, such as the demand for public ownership of the steel industry. It required no prophetic gifts to predict that when Labor got down to its inquest the left-wingers would draw the opposite conclusion: the battle was lost because the trumpet gave an uncertain sound, i.e., there was not enough socialism in the platform and in Hugh Gaitskell's television speeches.

Arguments can be marshaled in support of both propositions. It can even be held that Labor fell between two stools, being neither sufficiently radical to move the normally indifferent bottom strata of the electorate—the turnout this year, though larger than in 1955, fell below the total in 1951, when Labor polled two million extra votes—nor yet sufficiently moderate and reassuring to attract those middle-class votes which went to the Liberals. As was said before, no one needs to explain why the Tories got almost 14 million votes: Britain is normally a conservative country, and consequently there is no mystery about the Conservatives being in office—especially since there is almost full employment just now, the summit seems close, and even the weather has favored the party in power. The problem is how to account for Labor's bad showing. Was it just a setback or is the trouble organic?

BEFORE trying to answer this question, let us marshal those arguments which seem to suggest that all Labor has to do is wait for the pendulum to swing back in 1964, when the next general election is due:

1. Since 1950 there has been a conservative swing all over the Western world. On the European Continent and in the British Commonwealth (not to mention the United States), those parties and movements have benefited which stand to the right of Labor —the (not very important) exception being Scandinavia, where the Social Democrats have retained power. Hence this year's British election result is not really surprising, and all Labor needs to do is sit tight and wait for the young generation to get sick of the Tories.

2. Prosperity has been the Macmillan government's trump card, and prosperity may not last. Moreover, under Conservative rule its fruits are likely to be unequally shared. Even in this election Labor was able to make play with London City finagling, swollen financial profits, and bulging expense accounts. In another five years, social inequalities will have become so glaring that a disgusted electorate will kick the Tories out.

3. Labor's election campaign, by common consent, was better managed, technically more efficient, and more lavishly financed than in 1955. Above all, effective use was made of the television medium—so much so that at one point the Conservatives got quite worried. Next time all these gimmicks can be improved upon, and given the other factors already mentioned, Labor should appear sufficiently streamlined and glamorous by 1964 to enthrall the postwar generation. Besides, Macmillan can't last forever, and Gaitskell may in time come to look and sound less donnish and more statesmanlike. (The Tory monopoly of father-figures is admitted on the left to constitute a severe handicap.)

As against these consoling reflections—now prominent in the post-mortems conducted publicly and in private—there are considerations of a less agreeable kind. For example:

1. Even if there is a swing against the Tories in 1964, it may benefit Liberalism rather than Labor. Yet the Liberal party was supposed to be moribund; certainly some years ago no one expected the patient to sit up, dismiss his doctors, and clamor for steak.

2. While it is true that even at its present peak Toryism represents only half the electorate, Labor shows no sign of making inroads among the younger generation. On the contrary, there is disturbing evidence

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that in areas of high industrial prosperity the younger working-class voters display their new found confidence (and their rejection of traditional family loyalties) by voting Conservative.

3. The party has neither an adequate program nor a leadership that inspires confidence in its ability to run a planned, semi-planned, or un-planned economy. Its potential "front bench" in fact looks distressingly weak by comparison with the Macmillan Cabinet—or the Attlee Cabinet of 1945-51.

It is the last point which comes immediately to mind when one hears the election results discussed among people who are otherwise friendly to Labor and may even have voted for it (as did the author of these remarks). There is no denying that Gaitskell, Aneurin Bevan, and Harold Wilson seem distinctly less impressive than Attlee, Ernest Bevin, and Stafford Cripps did in 1945. It can, of course, be said that Macmillan likewise is no Churchill. But the truth remains that the Tory front bench on the whole looks remarkably competent. Its incumbents have that indefinable air of belonging by nature to the governing caste—an air always just bordering on insolence, and consequently liable to grate on part of the electorate. Still, the British public being what it is, the authoritarian manner helps more than it hinders.

A lot of people feel that it would do Gaitskell no harm if he appeared less boyish; and that it would be even better if his potential Chancellor of the Exchequer were someone other than Mr. Harold Wilson: an entertaining speaker but an alarmingly professional politician, who somehow does not inspire the taxpayer with the same degree of confidence as his Tory opposite number, the very respectable and solid-looking Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amory. One might even go so far as to suggest that Gaitskell's personal brain trust of bright young economists —mostly liberals trying, not very successfully, to sound like socialists—exudes an aura not quite suitable to the Labor party. Those superior accents, those elegant clothes, that blasé air—are Oxford common rooms really the ideal antechamber to a career in the British Labor movement?

STILL, these are trifles. The real trouble is that the party has no adequate program and is hamstrung by the trade unions to an extent not paralleled on the other side. The City of London, and industry throughout the country, do what they can to help the Conservatives, but they have learned to stay discreetly in the background, and no one supposes that Macmillan takes orders from the bankers. Gaitskell, on the other hand, gives every impression of having to take orders from the union bosses who put him in the saddle and have so far kept him there. In time this state of affairs may change; if it does not, Labor is in for further shocks. For the union leaders are not popular, though their personal integrity is unquestioned and most of them have learned to sound like statesmen. They are not yet quite as unpopular as their opposite numbers, the magnates of business, but it may not take them long to achieve a similar eminence. They also seem to be rather remote from the rank and file, and in a constant panic about sudden unofficial strikes.

There are various reasons for this. One does not yet know what the average unionist thinks of his leaders accepting hereditary titles and joining that curious moth-eaten relic of the Middle Ages, the House of Lords; but it would surprise few people to discover that he thinks it silly, and has little respect for elderly trade union chiefs who cherish such baubles. One rather prominent representative of this breed was sensationally unseated in his constituency on October 8, by a Tory whose social and political views probably did not differ greatly from his own. This seems to suggest that as between two aged, stale, and conservative party machines, the voters prefer the one that gives off an authentically medieval aroma, as against the one that tries, rather pathetically, to sound modern and progressive.

The Liberals—almost without funds, but led by some able young men—traded exten-

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sively on this concealed voter resentment against Labor stuffiness, and reaped some surprising successes. Indeed, as between Labor and the Liberals—now that the latter have come out against British production of nuclear arms, and for British membership in a European customs union (as well as in NATO)—Labor this time looked distinctly less attractive to independent young voters.

At this point, it may be well to consider the part played in the election by foreign affairs. On the whole, this theme came up much less often during meetings than readers of the highbrow papers might have been led to suppose. The exception, for a while, was the summit—until it dawned on people that the only summit meeting worth mention had already been held at Camp David. Still, the summit—and the Eisenhower visit—undoubtedly helped Macmillan to put himself across as an international statesman and peacemaker. (The Khrushchev circus also helped, by making people feel that tensions had been lowered.)

The obverse of this wave of optimism about East-West relations was a distinct lessening of interest in the subject of nuclear arms: if the great powers seemed less likely to fight, there was that much less reason to worry about the Bomb. In consequence, Labor's rather complicated scheme for a "non-nuclear club" of all the secondary powers (leaving America and Russia to settle the major issue as best they might) attracted even less interest than it might have done otherwise. Of the three parties, only the Liberals came out flatly against British manufacture of nuclear weapons; Labor hedged (few people believed that France would join the "club," hence the plan seemed to be a non-starter); and the Tories took the traditional line that Britain was entitled to as many Bombs as other great powers.

It would have been open to Gaitskell to point out that Britain is no longer a great power, but he left that to the Liberals—another opportunity missed. By 1964 Labor in all probability will have come round, reluctantly but definitely, to the conclusion that summit meetings are best left to the Big Two, and that Britain does not need nuclear arms, though it should stay in NATO. At present the first half of this proposition is the trade-mark of the cold-blooded realists on the *Economist*. The second half finds its defenders among Liberals (including the Manchester *Guardian*) and, for different reasons, the pacifist wing of Labor—which on the whole did rather badly in the election, its noisiest representative, Ian Mikardo, losing his seat. (But here the Jewish issue may have entered: both sides—but the Conservatives more than Labor—made what they could of a rather unappetizing scandal involving financiers with German-Jewish names, and the Beaverbrook press seized the opportunity to launch a minor pogrom against one or two Jewish Labor candidates.)

Since neither the Bomb nor the summit were an issue—save insofar as Macmillan took credit for the apparent outbreak of world peace—the campaign was even more of a bread-and-butter affair than on the last two occasions. This did not prevent Labor speakers from beating their opponents over the head with the Suez debacle of 1956; but it prevented them from getting anywhere with this exceedingly remote theme. Suez was never much of an issue to set the pubs on fire, though it caused great excitement in academic common rooms and even led to the rupture of some friendships. The majority of Labor's working-class supporters probably approved the expedition against Egypt and regretted its failure; while those people who were outraged by it had no need to vote for Gaitskell's party—they could assuage their bruised feelings by voting Liberal. The same applied to the parliamentary and press row over the Tory government's mishandling of Cyprus and the looming trouble in Central Africa.

On all these issues, the Liberal press—the Manchester *Guardian*, the London *Observer*, and the weekly *Spectator*—attacked the Conservatives without thereby doing Labor much good. The *Guardian* went furthest:

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it damned the Tories root and branch, and called for "Labor in office, and a strengthened Liberal party." The others contented themselves with advising their readers to vote against the government, which they would probably have done anyhow. The upshot was that the Conservatives won the election, but lost practically the entire liberal intelligentsia. This, however, does not solve the Labor party's problem, since the intelligentsia is not yet prepared to put its trust in Labor.

From these sketchy observations it will be evident that Labor still has some distance to travel before it becomes a genuinely national party, rather than a sectional representation of the manual workers. On this point all independent observers, and indeed all factions within the Labor movement, are agreed. The differences begin over the question of how the desired aim is to be achieved.

In principle there are two ways of doing it. One leads to the jettisoning of what remains of Labor's socialist baggage, and ultimately to amalgamation with the Liberals. The alternative would be to sharpen the conflict with the Conservatives over the issue of economic planning and public ownership versus uncontrolled capitalism. This is a more promising avenue than "nationalization" in the sense of the original socialist program, in which state ownership of the "means of production" figured almost as an end in itself. If the economy runs into trouble under Conservative management, or if Britain continues to lag behind Western Europe in capital investment and exports, Labor may be able to persuade the electorate that the issue is not "state ownership" but "planning." This could become the unifying formula relating Labor's sectional aims to the growing public concern over Britain's place in the world. Some such revival of the Crippsian "managerial socialism" of 1945-50 is probably required if the growing stratum of managers, professional men, and technicians is to take Labor seriously.

At present these groups are held back by a suspicion—only too well founded—that a Labor government would be not so much revolutionary as simply inefficient; specifically, that it would run the economy aground by permitting the unions to start another burst of inflation. There is plenty of dissatisfaction among technicians and scientists with the slow rate of economic growth under the Conservatives, but few people in this influential stratum are willing to purchase a faster rate of advance at the price of endangering the currency. Yet this appears to be the prospect which Labor holds out, until its leadership acquires enough political courage to make it plain to the unions that "planning" includes everybody and everything, even wages.

For some reason, the Swedish Social Democrats seem to have been more successful in this respect. Admittedly they came to power in 1932, in the depths of the great depression, and have held office ever since. Also Sweden is not saddled with the remnants of a world empire, an outsize arms budget, and a superiority complex involving frequent invocation of the idea—implausible to outsiders, but still sacred to most politicians in Britain—that world peace depends on Whitehall. Getting rid of such notions is not an easy matter.

Perhaps by 1964 it will be easier to talk sense about Britain's real position in the second half of the 20th century, and Labor will not feel the need to outdo the Tories in protesting its unwillingness to let England become a "mere" European country. At the moment this subject is still taboo outside Liberal circles, where anything can be said, since there is no danger of being called upon to do something about it. In Labor quarters it is regarded as dangerous to let the Tories have a monopoly of flag waving; this is understandable, but it does not encourage realism. Nor is a sober estimate of the real world promoted by such flights of fancy as Aneurin Bevan's assertion, at the height of the election campaign, that "hundreds of millions of people in Asia and Africa" were hoping and praying for a Labor victory. It may safely be asserted that Mr.

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Bevan believed this; it can be said with equal certainty that he was mistaken. In any case his star is dimming: by 1964, he will be sixty-seven years old and younger men will be treading on his heels.

Who will these rising young politicians be, and what are they likely to stand for? An impression currently prevails that they are going to be not socialists but pragmatic reformers, barely distinguishable from the rejuvenated Liberal group around Mr. Joseph Grimond, which did so well in the election. If this forecast is borne out, there is every likelihood of a Liberal-Labor electoral pact in 1964. At the tactical level this is probably the most sensible solution, since the Labor party in its present shape can scarcely hope to win a majority. A Gaitskell-Grimond axis (already being promoted by some strategists on both sides) might do the trick. It would have plenty of press support—one of Labor's handicaps is the extraordinary dullness of its few reliable papers—and might look glamorous enough to attract the younger voters who are put off by Labor's stodgy traditionalism and the depressing spectacle of its elderly trade union contingent. But elections are not everything. A Liberal-Labor sweep in 1964 is regarded as probable by some students of politics, but the question is what would happen once the victors got into office, and here the omens are less favorable.

LABOR'S curiously deceptive self-confidence in the recent campaign was partly due to the image which Gaitskell and his brains-trust had superficially imposed on the public: that of a youthful, competent, professional group of politicians in tune with the needs of an industrial mass society. The image was not wholly misleading, but it took no account of the fact that most Labor organizations in the provinces are still tradition-ridden and unattractive to the younger voters. Besides, the new emphasis on youth and efficiency at party headquarters (to make up for the stodginess of the elderly branch secretaries, and the general dreariness that pervades Labor party organizations) led to an excessive stress on mere smartness in televised vote-catching. This in the end proved less effective than had been hoped, and so provided ammunition for the party's Old Guard, which had privately maintained all along that the "new look" would prove a failure. Since this gloomy forecast has now been borne out, it can be argued that Labor watered down its program, and damped the enthusiasm of its true zealots, without reaping any corresponding advantage. For Gaitskell this is a damaging charge, since the "new look" was his chief contribution to the campaign. His supporters may also wonder whether it really does them good to have the *Economist* (October 3) describe one of Gaitskell's chief lieutenants as a liberal in socialist clothing.

Even if the new technique should prove more attractive next time—and after all the Conservatives' majority in actual votes is so narrow that a slight swing could dislodge them—it seems questionable whether a Labor-Liberal government would have the kind of moral authority that Labor possessed during its 1945-51 stay in power.

One of the few issues on which the partners to such a coalition are wholly agreed is anti-colonialism, with special reference to Africa, where a very dangerous racial and political conflict is shaping between the white settlers in the remaining British territories and the growing African nationalist movement. Yet it is by no means certain that the dominant white minority in Central Africa would heed instructions from Whitehall if the Conservatives were driven from power in 1964. A Labor Cabinet which tried to impose democratic policies in places like Rhodesia—e.g., a broader franchise and the ending of the color bar—might discover that its writ had ceased to run. Some of these territories could at a pinch secede and join the Union of South Africa, whose racialist policies are certainly more to their liking than the Liberal-Labor program of multi-racial democracy, or even the half-hearted Conservative belief in "racial partnership."

To put it plainly, Labor might have an

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Algerian settlers' revolt on its hands, and no means of effectively countering it. This, after all, was the sort of issue on which the last left-wing government in France (also, as it happens, a socialist-liberal coalition) came to grief before de Gaulle took over. A repetition of this experience, with the Tories at home surreptitiously encouraging their friends in Africa, is by no means excluded. There may be some optimists who believe that Gaitskell and his staff of bright young welfare economists and social service administrators could cope with this kind of emergency, but their number cannot be great. On balance, Macmillan—like de Gaulle—seems the better man for a situation of this sort. (On the other hand, of course, five more years of Conservative rule may have precisely the effect of placing the white settler minorities in an impregnable position from which they cannot afterwards be dislodged.)

Should the party conflict in the next Parliament come to center on Africa, one must expect a sharpening of political cleavages. A favorite remark among cynics just now is that the Conservatives have given up hope for the British empire, the Liberals no longer believe in free trade, and Labor has lost its faith in socialism. There is just enough truth in this sour quip to conceal the fact that the Conservatives have a big material and emotional stake in the remaining British territories in Africa, while the Labor-Liberal opposition is convinced that Britain's only chance of retaining any influence in the backward countries lies in coming to terms with African sentiment. This is a legitimate issue, but it could easily get out of hand. A secessionist movement on the part of people allied with the diehard wing of British Toryism would certainly restore life to British politics and make an end of the current boredom with the parties; but the challenge could once again show up Labor's inherent weakness.

In 1945-51 the Attlee government met all such issues by transferring power from Britain to someone else—notably in India and the Middle East. This could be done because no European minorities were involved (save in Palestine, where indeed the minority surprised everyone by putting up a successful fight and winning independence for itself). In Africa partition is no solution, and the entire set-up resembles Algeria rather than Palestine. The Mollet-Mendès-France government of 1956 was wrecked by Algeria; would a Gaitskell-Grimond administration do better in East Africa?

FINALLY, what of the doctrinal issue? Recent events on both sides of the British Channel suggest that the relationship between liberalism and socialism has become fluid. Some weeks ago Mendès-France, to the shocked surprise of some of his old supporters, announced his conversion to socialism (albeit non-Marxian socialism), and the adherence of his group to one of the two rival socialist movements in France. In Britain—where this incident received curiously little publicity—the trend at the moment is in the other direction. Most commentators have been advising the Labor party to renounce its vestigial faith in public ownership, and proclaim its willingness to make capitalism work. In fact, however, the difference between the two standpoints is not as great as might seem. Readers of the statement in which Mendès-France set out his belief in economic planning and social equality must have noticed that, were he to transfer himself to Britain, he would feel very comfortably at home in a party headed by Gaitskell. The kind of pragmatic socialism to which both men are now committed is distinctly postwar and, to employ a cant phrase, "managerial."

This is probably the real answer to the question how the Labor party can gain middle-class support without losing its trade union backing and disheartening its old supporters. After all, "socialism" need not be synonymous with utopia. Some further streamlining may be required before Labor can claim to have brought its doctrine up to date, but in principle there is no reason why belief in rational planning should not become the keystone of the new structure.

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Something has already been done along these lines. What the Labor party now needs is less emphasis on vote-catching and more attention to long-range thinking. In particular, its leaders—not merely its back-room boys—are under an obligation to explain just exactly how and where the British economy (and British society in general) needs to be modernized. That this cannot be done without profound structural reforms should be apparent to students of Britain's relative failure in recent years to keep step with the much more rapid economic development of Western Europe. Liberals and Laborites who are in earnest about making England a more modern country have no reason to shy away from this kind of investigation, and the more deeply they get into it, the more common ground they are likely to discover.

It must, however, be admitted that all this does not quite add up to the kind of faith which animated the Labor movement in 1945. The principal reason for the change has already been indicated: the decline in British power has accentuated the insular character of British party politics. It is plain that even a victorious Labor, or Labor-Liberal, administration in 1964 could not hope to exercise the kind of world influence which the 1945-51 Labor government possessed. Britain is not likely to be represented at many future summit meetings, and the illusion (still obstinately cherished by some influential Labor party leaders) that other countries are looking to British socialism for a solution of the world's ills, cannot be maintained much longer. In fact, the precondition of an extended Labor rule seems to be acceptance of "Little Englandism," i.e., concentration on home affairs and economics. There just is no evidence that a Labor government, whether or not it remained committed to democratic socialism, could do more than try to administer the domestic affairs of the British people.

In the long run, the outlook for Britain is distinctly "Scandinavian," with all that this implies in terms of increased welfare, education, socialization—and loss of status. The 1959 election campaign, with its almost obsessive stress upon bread-and-butter issues, has made this plain, although the nominal victors owed part of their success to the electorate's nostalgia for Churchillian "greatness." By 1964 the issue is likely to have become a good deal clearer, and whoever wins—perhaps a reformed Labor party—will settle down to rule a country that has at last come to terms with reality and accepted its true status in the world.

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D. H. LAWRENCE AND OUR LIFE TODAY

Re-reading "Lady Chatterley's Lover"

SONYA RUDIKOFF

ANYONE will defend D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* against censorship, but who will defend it as a novel? Who, for that matter, will attack it? No one. With the reissue (Grove Press, $6.00) of the original 1928 version at hand, everyone acknowledges a bit wearily that times have changed. The four-letter words and sexual scenes are no longer shocking; they have now become "natural" and "beautiful." Recent novels display a greater abundance of such words and scenes. With one exception, modern conversation liberally employs those words and many more; and the lady who falls in love with her husband's gamekeeper is a familiar figure. Also, everyone knows now —even judges and journalists—that D. H. Lawrence was a "serious" writer, that he himself disapproved of pornography, that he was no ghost for the Olympia Press.

Still, a certain confusion remains. During this novel's recent encounter with the law, it could be bought freely or sent anywhere by Railway Express; only the mails were closed to it. In no sense did the postal prohibition "symbolize" a general state of censorship: other, more shocking, even more obscene pronouncements have no trouble getting through the mails. Anyhow, Lawrence is hardly the innocent writer of censorship mythology: he was quite deliberate about introducing a sexual emphasis into this, the third version of his novel with its provocative title. Originally he had planned to call it *Tenderness;* only later did he develop his comprehensive ideology about cleansing the obscene words, "false shame," the purgative effects of intentional frankness. Some readers deplore this hygienic intention, others applaud it, but few people would claim that this novel stands among Lawrence's best fiction. Then, too, many people think the novel is "dated," without resonance at the present time, but that if it arouses anyone's sexual emotions, well and good, because novels should do so. What complicates the whole issue is a pervasive suspicion that all the liberality of thought, speech, and behavior which vanquished Victorianism, seems not to have had the anticipated beneficial effects on public or private life.

Problems of class and power and money have, if anything, been greatly exacerbated since the 20's, not only in America, but in Europe as well. Nor is the sexual question "solved," in any of its aspects. Indeed, many observers believe that sexual life has become increasingly mechanical and depersonalized, that the subjective sense of self, which once had its immediate sexual dimension, now expresses its demands in less private but more hidden forms—in the widespread hostility of modern life, in hidden, predatory ambition, in masked manipulation. People will talk easily about infant and adult sexuality, will talk or write about anything at all, will challenge any rule or code or custom; but they will not necessarily respond or listen, or expect others to respond.

I don't think much can be made of the assertion that Lawrence's themes are of no interest to us now. Tenderness, brutality and paralysis, manhood, womanhood, loyalty, response, passion, industrialism, nature

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and civilization, intellect, urban life, political organization, destruction, how to live—these themes still solicit our attention, speak to us, relate to our lives. Mellors, the gamekeeper, is as contemporary as he can be, living alone in a wood, raising pheasants for rich men to shoot, hopeless and apocalyptic about modern life. Clifford Chatterley, the paralyzed and impotent baronet, with his mechanical will and his childishness, still suggests something we know, the paralysis of natural feelings which provokes an overdeveloped will. And Connie, Lady Chatterley, with her confusions and vagueness and desire for fulfillment, is still to be found. More people than ever before are drawn to "natural" things, are aware of the consequences of mechanized life, of the dangers in our modern world. Why then the indifference, the hesitant and overly qualified response to Lawrence's novel? Is the trouble to be found in Lawrence's sexual ideas, which met resistance at first and will always be resisted because they are inherently disturbing, offensive, uncomfortable, revolutionary?

ACTUALLY, Lawrence's sexual ideas are not at all "sexual," but social. He argued repeatedly against sexual experiment, sexual license, sexual freedom and daring, so famous in the 20's, and insisted on something more transcendent—so much so that he is frequently called a puritan! What really interested him were the implications of sexuality—for friendship, marriage, politics, intellect, social behavior, power; its implications for something beyond itself. And just at this point of Lawrence's deepest interest, the novel is most ambiguous. There is no doubt that a specific quality of tender responsive life is evoked in the love of Connie and Mellors, and that Clifford's paralysis is implied in his cold sophisticated brutality. But the novel does not bring Connie and Mellors together: their love is still to be acknowledged, their meaning is still to be realized, their child is still to be born.

Obviously, what the novel suggests here is the fragility of new response, its imminence, the uncertainty of its course. This is a profound suggestion, because response *is* fragile, delicate, tender, uncertain; it can too easily be drugged or stopped or institutionalized by all the forms of organized psychic and social resistance. The lack of ending in Lawrence's novel is, for some readers, its preeminent virtue, made into a principle. But no one should forget that our civilization has many long and honorable traditions for cherishing just such responses, and is not at all hostile to them. Indeed, any religious movement which attempts to release the spirit rather than preserve the letter of a doctrine shows this emphasis on response. Zen Buddhism is certainly an example, with its concentration on *satori*, the concrete experience of enlightenment. Hasidism too, and the discipline of art, and psychoanalysis, and education, and Ignatius Loyola's spiritual exercises—despite their obvious differences, they share a certain goal: the release from bondage of a faculty of response. They do not prescribe the conduct issuing from that response. These traditions remain vital, no matter how often they have been vulgarized and misinterpreted, and their major insight is of incalculable value: civilization would be the poorer without it.

Novels, however, must end—not necessarily with a "happy ending"—and Lawrence's does not. Instead, all response is suspended, and ideology triumphs. Is this simply a minor matter, to be quarreled over by literary people but not really significant? I don't think so. Novels end, otherwise we could not read them again. If we remain involved in their characters and situations and action, we can have no new response to them. Then, their action, and even action itself, becomes meaningless. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Clifford and his world are made to embody all the deathly forces of modern civilized industrial life, and Connie and Mellors together embody a natural, spontaneous warmth of tenderness and fulfillment. But nothing happens. It's not hard to see why the novel has been known for thirty years as a "dirty" novel, despite Lawrence's and everyone else's protestations. The sexuality

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which Lawrence saw at the center of life becomes completely isolated from life; sex is all that remains if the other relations of the novel are merely suspended. The tenderness which should affect life fails to radiate or to liberate anyone but Connie.

THE problem is not simply that we cannot imagine Connie and Mellors in their future life together, or that it isn't spelled out. We *can't* imagine them, it's true. But Clifford and Connie's sister, Hilda, and all of Clifford's smart world, his intellectual world, his mechanical and industrial and modern and civilized worlds which Connie and Mellors renounce—all remain untouched, unaware, unimplicated. Particularly striking is the way Mellors's child from his first brutal marriage is completely forgotten—not only by Mellors and Connie, but by the author too. Is she returned to her brutish mother or to her ineffectual grandmother? What are the implications of the sexuality of Connie and Mellors? Their meaning, it seems, begins and ends with them.

I think the introduction of an explicit sexual emphasis in this third version—the words, the descriptions, the details—indicates Lawrence's own sense of the ambiguity and perhaps even the hopelessness of the situation he evoked. Actually, the first version (published in 1944 by Dial Press as *The First Lady Chatterley*) is in some ways more tender, and it shows Connie's awakening to passion more spontaneously, less ideologically. It is also more honest about the problem of civilized life and natural feeling. As rewritten for the third time, the gamekeeper's character becomes more civilized, and Clifford *begins* with the character he merely reached before.

Interestingly enough, for a novel about passion, nothing really happens to Mellors in *this* passion. Sexually, the novel is concerned with Connie's feelings; Mellors appears as her teacher, already awakened, and not deeply changed by the passion he awakes in her. There is, in fact, no adjustment of consciousness in the novel; it does not actually matter. I don't think it can matter for the reader, so that anyone who knows and respects passion can only, with Lawrence, consider it an enclave or capsulated world entirely sealed off from life. This is true of Lawrence's fiction altogether: there is no Lawrence story or novel in which the radical adjustment in consciousness really does matter in life. He insisted that it did, but his fiction reveals something different.

At this point, most writers on Lawrence stop and turn to a discussion of Lawrence's own psychology, and the psychology of the reading public. This is a vast field, there is a good deal known about Lawrence, and there are many interesting things to be said about the circumstances of his early and later life which made certain themes appealing and urgent to him. There is much to be said also about the way Lawrence's work affects the reading public. Such commentary is useful and even valuable, but in some ways it is beside the point. When, for example, we sense that what a book most wants to say to us is that civilized society is insane, there is something irrelevant about answering with a psychology of the author or reader—irrelevant, I mean, to what is being said, not of course irrelevant to knowledge in general. *Is* civilization insane? Does sexuality matter? Are mental life, abstract thought, industrialism destructive of human life? How should one live? It is to questions of this sort that Lawrence's work still demands that we make some response. If literature is serious, we should recognize that Lawrence does mean what he says.

The assertion of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is that civilized society is insane. This means that civilized morality, thought, economy, social relations, mechanization are all sterile and destructive; that civilized emotions are either paralyzed or barbaric; that civilized sexuality is brutal, or cerebral, or infantile; that will is substituted for feeling and manipulation for response; that personal failure is reflected in social disaster, which in turn creates and reinforces dehumanization. This complex hypothesis is presented partly in fiction but more in didactic rhetorical terms. Some of the characters are in-

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volved in action which suggests the themes, and a large part of the novel is occupied by discussion of them. These assertions are what people mean when they speak of Lawrence's "ideas"; they don't mean his poetic or fictional ideas, which excite little controversy and exercise scant influence. Rather, it is Lawrence's explicit hypotheses and insights about sexuality, nature, and civilization which provoke adherence or disaffection.

The question of nature and civilization is widely discussed at the present time, in many different forms: it crops up in matters of private morality and public behavior, in relation to the angry young men and the beatniks, to juvenile delinquency, underdeveloped countries, child-rearing, urban life, and so on. We have not, of course, discovered the question for ourselves: it has been on the mind of the civilized world for some time. One need not have any historical sense at all to observe nowadays that quite a lot of people are unhappy with civilization. The etiology of it may be disputed, but the phenomenon is obvious.

Frequently it is expressed in attitudes of resignation and despair, in the recognition of necessity variously interpreted, in automatic indignation about "conformity," in the obsessive references among educated people to Freud's stoicism. Many people whose lives are not marked by tragedy or extreme conditions, who have enjoyed much of the world's goodness, power, and approbation, nevertheless find life exhausting, offensive, desperate, and feel sold or swindled. Some people accept this and develop cynical or predatory methods for achieving their own ends in our "racket society," others assign responsibility to outside agents and lean toward conspiracy theories. Some submit, others embrace hostility. The whole subject is discussed particularly with reference to the machines which enslave and even imitate us. Possibly the idea of progress or liberalism or the French Revolution, the Civil War or the Reformation or even the Industrial Revolution, has been the cause of unhappiness and disorder. There is also a widely held belief that not any single aspect or event of civilization is responsible but rather it is civilization itself which deprives us of happiness. Perhaps nothing so recent as mechanization or even the transition to agriculture should be singled out. Should the error be located further back? In the Garden of Eden, or in the primal horde, when the sons overthrew the father, when the fathers destroyed the mothers? "Our natures do pursue / Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,/ A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die."

This historical fate would not impress us if it were not at once so intimate and so grand, if it were not recapitulated, as the scholars say, in personal history. Anyone who has learned to talk is implicated, for instance; and one need not be an intellectual to have made the enormous cultural jump from the instinctual roar to the complex abstract mental operation of speech. Few events afterward will be so important as this early progress, this early renunciation.

In Lawrence's novel, it is important to see that he doesn't oppose a barbaric Mellors to a civilized Clifford Chatterley. In fact, he took pains to make the Mellors of the third version a much more complex and civilized person than the Parkin of the first version. Mellors is not only sexually independent, but also classless and transcendent: more truly delicate in his manners than the upper classes, more truly intelligent than an intellectual, more truly sexual than a libertine, more physically in touch with himself than a miner. He suggests not merely a working-class or peasant ethos, a simplicity which can be lovingly patronized by complex people, but almost a different kind of civilization, with an ancient code of skill, manhood, pride, and independence. Is it the code of a nomad culture, the kind which preceded our own and preceded even the agricultural civilization before ours? We don't know, it seems like that. Whatever it may be, we inevitably translate it into the terms available to us. The mind produces a contemporary example: say, the nomadic Mongols, who are just now facing industrial-

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ization. They are not barbarians, they live by an ancient code, and precisely one of skill, manhood, pride, and independence. We also know that the proud, manly Mongols have a life expectancy of about thirty years and are prey to all the diseases that accompany their stage of civilization, and that starving beggars' corpses used to be eaten by dogs. Is Mongol life richer, more vital, less dehumanized than our own? We cannot know; nor can they. Should they resist the industrialization which will destroy their code? The question is impossible.

Of course Lawrence did not have Mongols in mind, nor necessarily Italians, Mexicans, Gypsies, or gamekeepers, although they figure in his novels and stories as images of a spontaneous lost life. The code of manhood he preached was transcendent and invisible—a faculty of being, not a pattern of conduct. The image of a fulfilled natural life was not intended to be limited by specific conditions, nor was the larger social image it implies to be identified with a primitive culture. And yet they must and should be so identified, because we don't live in a world of essences: codes, manhood, nature, civilization, we encounter them all in specific conditions; there is no other way. Also, Lawrence's images of unfulfilled life are always vividly and clearly specific: in *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* Clifford is paralyzed both physically and emotionally, and the social image is unmistakable, it is the modern world itself. This gives the love of Connie and Mellors a doom and a pathos which go beyond possibility. Connie cannot leave Clifford, but if she stays with him, she destroys herself and conspires in the general destruction.

I think this must be the reason why the novel does not end. And further, it suggests why the novel has an essentially depressing effect, not at all the effect of tragedy—in spite of Lawrence's devotion to life and in spite of the novel's intended effect of life-enhancement.

How should this be possible, given Lawrence's well-known views, given the novel's assertions? Perhaps it is because the qualities of life are isolated in Connie and Mellors, and withdrawn so completely from the world around them, with no possibilities for renewal. The conditions of the modern world, so specific and detailed, show an exhaustion of real vitality both masked and expressed by pervasive mechanization. This world is, in terms of what matters, meaningless; and there is no way for its meaning to be renewed. Clifford, who is the image of this world, is permanently paralyzed and impotent; and this aspect of finality underlies all the assertions about the doom of modern life which have their focus in Clifford and his world. Mental life, modern politics, social organization, relations between men and women, abstract thought, careers, vocations, the artifacts of civilization, and civilization itself—all are unrenewed and unrenewable, meaningless. The people who treat others or themselves as objects remain forever unredeemable, the mechanization of our life is irreversible.

WHY Lawrence thought this, or why anyone else might come to think it, why it was a belief peculiarly appropriate for the 20's, are interesting but irrelevant questions. More important, I think, is that it is false both about nature and about civilization. Nature is not unrenewable or unrenewed or exhausted of its vitality, although machines can lose the source of their energy and lose it irrevocably. Nor can life be isolated. Life is not life if only a few people have it, if only a single pair in a cottage in a wood represent it—in the same sense that the energy of nature does not belong to one tree, one flower or one horse, but to all trees, all plants, all animals, in what used to be called the whole Creation. It is suggested in the novel that Clifford would always have been an impotent person, that his physical paralysis was an accident which only confirmed the self he already had. And the others of his world, men and women, merely lack such extreme outward signs of their inner nullity. Are Clifford and his world not a part of the Creation, then? Was life denied them at the

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beginning, was it denied to the civilization they stand for? And for all time? Or, put the question differently: do others really exist?

It is true that modern life offers countless opportunities for dehumanization. There is always someone wanting to treat you or me as an object or abstraction, and there are always people offering themselves as objects. Each of us has the faculty for denying that others really exist. And this is true for everyone, in every kind of life. The past was not immune to it, simple people are not less vulnerable than complex people, and primitive people live by abstractions. No one is safe: we live in a world of objects. We also live in a world of subjects, and each can be mistaken for the other, each can be denied. For many people in our society there are no really personal feelings of existence; these are reduced to an attack of extreme anxiety, a moment of terror driving across the Queensborough Bridge, a sudden nausea. And our society prescribes the cold bath, the locked razor, because the self can be overwhelmed by animate objects. If others do not exist, if they are only objects, then how can we be sure that we exist? In fact, many people are not at all sure.

The advanced state of our civilization tends to make us more alert to what is mechanized out of its animal nature, and less sensitive to other forms of dehumanization. The fact is that the condition of our times can be matched and even rivaled by the dehumanization of other times. Just because we have given up the idea of progress in civilization, there is no need to embrace its opposite—the concept of progressive dehumanization. No past examples of passional exuberance, of vital unmechanical life, fail to exhibit the dehumanization of whole classes or races. Individuals and entire groups of people have been dehumanized by others or by themselves, in every ancient or modern culture: we should not be deceived by the forms of dehumanization unlike our own.

Thus, I am not at all sure, as many people seem to be, that this present stage of civilization is more dehumanized or dehumanizing than other stages. In a sense, we are not able to judge; we merely inherit this past, we do not live it, and we can't choose other lives. Even an attempt at such a choice betrays itself by its self-consciousness, its unnaturalness. And then, as Kierkegaard has observed, every generation has its own task. We encounter that task only in the conditions of our own times, not in the imagined or reported lives of others. It is in this sense that civilization is always renewed; it has never the finality of being concentrated or ended in a single generation, in a single form of life, in a single person.

Consider the story of the old lion tamer who was asked to account for his long and brilliant career, and who replied modestly, "Oh, it's really very simple. All you do is go in the cage and be very careful to do the same thing every time. Because, you know, all lions are essentially the same." His questioners thought his answer merely confirmed what they knew all along, so they politely prepared to leave. "Of course," he added, "you must be very careful never to forget one thing: every lion is different."

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EXISTENTIALISM'S MEANING FOR JUDAISM

A Contemporary Midrash

EUGENE B. BOROWITZ

WHY has existentialism had so little impact upon the leaders of American Jewry? The educators and social workers move in another philosophic universe entirely. The laity is barely conscious of its existence—as it is barely conscious of philosophy in general—though it occasionally manages to recognize some such name as Franz Rosenzweig. The rabbinate has heard this or read that about the Jewish existentialists, but tends to see them as a menace deserving only of excoriation and denunciation. What has happened to that immutable principle of modern Jewish life, that the Christian fashion after a little while becomes the Jewish ideal? Surely nothing has excited and invigorated contemporary Christian thought, Catholic as well as Protestant, as much as existentialism. It has been the major excitement in academic and religious circles for over a decade, and even before World War II its influence had been felt in a number of intellectual-religious circles in America.

Perhaps stating the problem that baldly is already to give the most obvious answer. Existentialism, as no other philosophic movement since the emancipation of European Jewry, is of Christian religious origin. It was born out of Sören Kierkegaard's violent protest against the Christianity of his day, and against what he saw as its intellectual foundation, Hegel's all-encompassing rationalism. If Kierkegaard attacked Hegel—"attack" is perhaps a mild word to describe the venom, satire, invective, and irony of his philosophic enterprise—it was to make possible a renewed Christian life. Existentialism was born to renew the Protestant affirmation. No wonder it has had such influence on contemporary Protestantism, and on some leading Roman and Eastern Catholics.

But how could Jews be expected to respond sympathetically to a philosophic tendency of Christian religious origin? It is indeed a sign of the increasing self-respect which has characterized American Jewry since World War II that it has resisted existentialism on Jewish grounds and for apparently Jewish reasons.

Yet the grounds for the Jewish rejection of existentialism involve much more than a simple judgment of guilt by association. Most of the polemics against existentialism have held that its very content is un-Jewish. All existentialism is characterized by a critique of human reason, climaxed not, as in Kant, with a reaffirmation of its areas of power and certainty, but with a thoroughgoing delineation of its limitations. It is the humility of human reason before the realities of human existence which is the major theme of existentialism. Man's mind is incapable of solving all his truly significant problems. Indeed, it cannot even explain the most fundamental datum of his life—that he exists.

It is this anti-rational strain in existentialism which alarms the few who take Jewish thought seriously; they see in it an insidious threat to all the progress of the past century in making Judaism rational. In their eyes, the existential delineation of reason's limits quickly leads to "irrationalism," "mysticism," "a first step toward superstition and every

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danger of medievalism." The fury of the attack indicates that more than just an idea is at stake.

THE two principal strains of liberal Judaism have each been associated with philosophies that strongly emphasize mind as the measure. One strain, Reform Judaism, has been dominated from its beginnings by the tradition of German rational philosophy. It leaned heavily on Kant in justifying its emphasis on ethics over ritual and on universal preachments over particular practices. With Hegel it saw in the forward movement of history the progressive self-revelation of the absolute, and looked forward to the triumph of spirit as enlightenment and education inexorably brought brotherhood and peace. Reform prided itself on logic and scientific investigation, the elimination of superstition and atavism, and the possession of a faith as reasonable as it was intelligible. Though their views varied in emphasis or detail, the early intellectual leaders, Abraham Geiger, David Einhorn, Kaufmann Kohler, and the later teachers of today's Reform rabbinate—David Neumark, Samuel Cohon, Henry Slonimsky, Samuel Atlas—all spoke out of German rational idealism. It was rationalism that validated liberal Judaism. Without it, there could be no right to reform. Without it what would deter the resurgence of magic and superstition?

Conservative Judaism, the other liberal Jewish tendency, has been notorious for its studied refusal to clarify its ideological position. It would be most unfair to associate all of Conservative Judaism with Mordecai Kaplan's rationalist religious philosophy. For one thing, there is a significant minority of Reform rabbis who espouse his Reconstructional theology with enthusiasm, at the same time that the preponderant majority of Conservative rabbis look askance at it. Nevertheless, the rationalist emphasis of Kaplan's forthright reinterpretation of Jewish belief and practice typically distinguishes the thinking of his former students at the Jewish Theological Seminary, who now make up the body of the Conservative rabbinate—this rationalism is the result of his influence on them as a teacher, and of their years of exposure to nearby Columbia University, the shrine of American naturalism.

Kaplan is as emphatic in insisting on the role of mind in shaping contemporary Judaism as any of the Reform thinkers. But he borrows from the American intellectual idiom where they borrowed from the German. Where the Germans sought for the elaboration of the "spirit," with its strong intellectual connotations, the Americans sought rather to introduce the scientific method into the realm of philosophy. Naturalism implied an intellectual questioning of everything which could not be understood as part of the natural order as conceived by science, using that word in its broadest sense. The supernatural God of the religious tradition was by this mental effort transformed into a process in the universe; God's choice of Israel became but a typical folk-conceit, acceptable only in the sense that it encouraged the Jewish people to choose God.

Here, far more than in the austere formulations of early Reform, room was made for the emotions. The Jewish people—an obvious datum of the natural order—invests its rationally validated beliefs with its particular folk feelings and associations, thus giving full scope to man's emotive as well as his rational capacity. Thus Kaplan has emphasized the broadest cultural expression of Jewish religious belief, and is clearly an inspirer of the revived interest in Jewish art and music. Yet despite the acceptance of Jewish folkways and appreciation of the depth of Jewish traditional feeling, it is reason alone that is the arbiter of belief and that establishes the criteria for religious practice. Impressed by the success of science, and by the scientific direction of American philosophic thought in the 30's, Reconstructionism established itself on a rationalistic foundation which it has never felt required to re-examine seriously.

Thus the left wing of Conservative Judaism consciously, and much of its thinking center often unconsciously, have associated American rationalism with their contempo-

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rary Judaism. For Conservative Judaism as for Reform, to challenge the adequacy of reason in the religious sphere looks like an effort to turn back the clock, a failure of nerve that imperils the continuing development of Judaism.

It is something of a corroboration to find that a reverse process has occurred among the Orthodox. To be sure, Orthodoxy has been more concerned with defending traditional Jewish practice against the enticements of the contemporary American milieu than with dwelling on the mystery of the unique revelation at Sinai. There is also the notable history of rationalism in traditional Judaism. Nevertheless, the events at Sinai, which are basic to Orthodoxy, are not now and never have been rationally explicable. Their authority and uniqueness are inseparable. One can accept or reject the miraculous event. To explain it is to rob it of precisely that which makes it precious. The Torah and the Halachah, with or without rationalistic apologies, are the basis of the Orthodox faith. While it can accept such corroboration as reason might offer, as in Maimonides' day, it does not see its life as being dependent upon philosophic explanations, but rather on acceptance of the yoke of the kingdom.

Thus it is in the Orthodox movement alone that we find a leading figure who is apparently a committed existentialist. Rabbi Joseph Soloveitchik serves as chairman of the Rabbinical Council of America's Committee on Law, is professor of Talmud at Yeshiva University's seminary, and is widely hailed as the spiritual leader of the American-trained Orthodox rabbinate. Unfortunately, he has published very little, and the few articles that have appeared about him have only hinted at his philosophic views. For the past few years he has been lecturing weekly on the Jewish view of man at a seminar of rabbis investigating the relations between Judaism and psychiatry. Neither Rabbi Soloveitchik's written lecture notes nor the tape recordings of each session are available to the public. Yet if the reports of those in attendance may be relied on, and they seem consistent with the little else that we know, Soloveitchik's position lies clearly within the existential camp, representing a view of man and revelation that seems analogous (*l'havdil*) with that of Karl Barth.

Like Barth he begins with a refusal to reduce religion to philosophy, psychology, ethics, or anything else. For Barth the crucifixion and resurrection of the Christ are unique acts in history through which God has let Himself be known. They are the measure for the rest of history, rather than measurable themselves according to the value placed on their antecedents and effects. Soloveitchik takes a similar position toward the Halachah. The justification of *kashrut* is not the danger of trichinosis, the "point" of religious ceremony is not the subjective one that it is a means for arousing emotion. The Halachah, like the Christ, must be taken in all its objectivity, in all its legal specificity; it must be seen as God's instrument and the means of His service. Seen in this way, the Halachah implies a whole body of meaning and teaching which becomes the basis for encountering and grasping reality. Here too the criteria and standards derive from the unique historical event, the giving of the Law at Sinai, which makes the rest of history intelligible but must itself be accepted on faith.

Both thinkers see man desperately in need of faith, to save him from himself and the self-destruction inherent in his natural existence. Barth is the more radical here: every human effort to cope rationally with the problems of existence is for him a de facto rebellion against the sovereignty of God. Human reason is not only inadequate to the task of resolving man's profound anxieties, it in fact strengthens them by holding out the delusive hope that it can somehow overcome finite existence. That way lies only sin and further estrangement from God, the fullest spiritual as well as natural death. But the man of Christian faith may hope through God's promise to find true life. His acceptance of God's condemnation of his sinfulness, and his hope in the promise God has made available through Jesus, have freed him

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from delusion and given him the one firm ground for a man in a shifting universe.

Soloveitchik would not denigrate human reason to this extent, yet he too insists upon its limitations and fundamental inadequacy. There is nothing inherently evil in the growth of human knowledge so long as man is willing to recognize the mystery which he thus continually uncovers. Science need not be considered a source of sin if it is accompanied by a growing sense of astonishment at the extent of order in the universe. When we confront human reason honestly, our humility increases with our self-esteem. It is the effort to rely on ourselves alone, to hide from the mystery and the wonder, that produces the alternate idolatry and dejection of our inner life. He makes a devastating analysis of modern man's situation, using every sociological and psychological technique to expose the falseness, the hypocrisy, and, ultimately, the intense anxiety which fill our lives. The alternative to such a life is that of the man of the Halachah; Soloveitchik moves through the entire range of the tradition to show how Judaism carries its faithful adherents beyond anxiety to the only kind of security of which man is capable. It is the act of faith, the personal appropriation of Sinai and the life built upon it, which makes the difference. It is the revelation and the revelation alone which can transform man's life. Such, as best it can be made out from a distance, is Soloveitchik's argument. It is not just Orthodox Judaism. It is orthodox existentialism as well.

One cannot help speculating why Soloveitchik refrains from publishing or publicly discussing his ideas. The astonished reception they would in all likelihood receive doubtless plays a part in his reticence. It is true that Orthodoxy could easily benefit from existentialism, but most of its leaders are unprepared for so radical a readjustment of their conscious or unconscious intellectual commitments. In general, they tend to follow the Reform and Conservative pack in noisily hunting out exponents of this view.

It is Will Herberg who has borne the brunt of the attack. The public Jewish reactions to his theological writings have been almost invariably negative, the private ones even worse. Again it is the Christian origins of Herberg's thought that arouse the opposition. Were Herberg himself not so honest as to acknowledge the debt he owes to Reinhold Niebuhr, who showed him this pathway back to Jewish belief, the informed reader of *Judaism and Modern Man* would discover as much soon enough. Yet it is what Herberg says, not where he got it, that arouses the real resistance. Perhaps the best part of Herberg's argument is his exposure of the pseudo-faiths, the substitute religions, of our time. He examines politics, science, and psychiatry to show how each in turn has served as a religion for many modern Jews. Each has seemed to offer salvation. And each has thereby been a means for modern man to evade the real religious problems, the ultimate issues which every man discovers in the depths of his existence.

Herberg is at pains to show that politics, science, and psychiatry each have their truth and value, but his main point is that they can never be legitimate substitutes for the act of faith. By destroying contemporary intellectual idols he in fact destroys the hope that anything man's mind alone might ever create could be considered adequate as religion. The reliance on rationality obstructs the way to God.

What remains is the "leap of faith." With his old false faiths gone, the individual now stands naked before the universe. The one positive step left him is the personal acceptance of God and Judaism. But it is just here that Herberg deserts us. What the "leap of faith" means, how it is to be accomplished, what keeps it from ending in Zen Buddhism, Christianity, or ghetto Judaism, is not made clear. As one might expect, this is precisely where all the liberal critics of Herberg have taken him to task. Indeed, the rejection has been so complete that while non-Jews and especially non-Jewish seminaries and colleges regard Herberg as an authoritative spokesman for Judaism, it is difficult to find any Jewish leaders who might think of

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themselves as being his intellectual disciples.

However, the criticism of Herberg is more than a rationalization of the various Jewish ideological positions. It is also a valid argument. Most existential analyses of man's condition, after eliminating every seeming absolute, arrive like Herberg's at a point where they must decide what to commit themselves to. But not all of them then make the religious commitment. Some of them insist, in face of the absurdity of existence, that no mysterious plan beyond man's reason finally gives it meaning. They prefer rather to accept this existence with all its unreasonableness than to anesthetize themselves with comforting illusions about God or the good. Atheistic existentialism is as legitimate an existentialist response to the unmasking of man's pseudo-religions as is the leap of religious commitment. Herberg conveniently ignores this.

It is surprising that no major statement of a Jewish atheist existentialism has been forthcoming so far. With many old-line Zionists and other secular Jews anxious to escape from the increasing identification of Jewishness with religion in America, a Jewish atheist existentialism might well provide a personally meaningful, culturally exciting, non-religious, Jewish point of view. Its outlines do not seem difficult to discern.

A LOGICAL beginning would be to view the Bible as a classic, but misunderstood, existentialist analysis. It would see its centuries of religious striving as a people's effort to abolish anxiety by projecting an image of God into the world. Yet as the generations passed, the impossibility of maintaining this belief against the realities of existence becomes clearer. The outcry of the righteous in the Psalms, Jeremiah's troubled confessions, Ecclesiastes' assertion of the futility of history, and finally Job's struggle for meaning in the face of suffering indicate there cannot be a God. There is no meaning to existence in this world and, as the Bible preponderantly knows, no after-life.

Yet man finds himself confronted by the continual need to make decisions. Every law of the Torah is a recognition of this fact. And every action, as the prophets show, stands under the judgment of "might have been" or "why not the other way?" Nonetheless, the Jewish affirmation of life, simply because it is given, as the schools of Shammai and Hillel agreed, remains basic. The Jew then seeks to redeem the unreasonableness of existence by sharing in the existence of family, folk, and mankind.

Here we have the outlines of a position that, all in all, might compete favorably with many a secular existentialism and yet consider itself fully Jewish at the same time. The fact that such a philosophy has not yet made an appearance speaks eloquently to those who are religious about what it means to be a Jew. The Jewish people and its destiny can be separated from God only by prodigious and unnatural effort.

The rejection of Herberg because of his failure to show why the religious commitment is necessary has convinced the defenders of rationalism that it is philosophic, not ideological, considerations which underly their opposition to existentialism. As a result they have proceeded with double incentive to decry all those who might seem to share the existentialist view. Here they err in failing to appreciate the scope and variety of views which pass under that label.

Paul Tillich has made a distinction which can serve us well at this point. Commonly, when we think of existentialism, we think of it in terms of the typical existentialist content, the conclusion that human reason is finally inadequate to grasp the problems of existence. But, Tillich reminds us, existentialism is also a philosophic method whose results may vary quite considerably from the customary ones. Thus, as a matter of fact, much of Kierkegaard's most searching criticism of Hegel and the German idealists was directed at their method. It was in subjectivity, he argued, in a truth that involved the individual, that truth was to be found, not in an objectivity that produced a so-called truth to which one might well remain indifferent. It was in the concrete, specific, and therefore personal realm that truth was to

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be discovered, not in some splendid universal abstraction that encompassed the entire universe but left out the individual doing the thinking. Philosophy therefore should proceed from, build on, the individual, on the realities of his existence. It was the application of this method which has led to results as different as Kierkegaard's passionate Protestantism and Jean-Paul Sartre's atheism.

IT IS clear that those Jewish thinkers who accept the existentialist conclusion about the inadequacy of human reason cannot be expected to influence the liberal wing of Judaism. But other than Herberg there are few who hold this position. The other representative Jewish existentialists, Martin Buber and Franz Rosenzweig, employ its method but are far from embracing its usual content. This has not, however, saved them from the calumny visited on Herberg. If they are not members of his party they are at least his fellow travelers and deserve to be exposed. This explains the peculiar circumstance that while Buber is known, studied, and respected by Protestant and some Catholic thinkers, he has still to find recognition in most Jewish circles.

Buber himself seems to share something of the liberal's suspicion of the anti-rationalism of existentialism. Two years ago, in a colloquium he conducted at Columbia University, he was asked if he considered himself an existentialist. His immediate reaction was not only negative, it indicated a certain amount of surprise that he should be so identified. The questioner, however, was more shaken by the answer than Buber by the question. After a moment's embarrassed stuttering he rephrased the question in terms of philosophic procedures, emphasizing the immediate, concrete, and personal. This quickly relieved the situation. "Oh," said Dr. Buber, "if that is what you mean, then of course I am an existentialist. I thought you meant whether I agreed with certain thinkers associated with that term."

Buber's thought leads him far from the usual existentialist content, though by a method clearly to be classified as existential. His well-known analysis of knowing as carried on in terms either of an I-It or an I-Thou relation bears all its hallmarks. An "I" is always involved, and this subjective content is matched with an emphasis on the individual's immediate experience in knowing. In all things Buber will sacrifice the big abstraction to the concrete experience.

Yet Buber is not thereby a foe or denigrator of reason. In the realm of I-It, reason is of course the indispensable master, but even in the realm of I-Thou it is not denied or despised. In a truly personal relationship, the participants must be wholly involved. My mind or my social façade is not me, any more than my wanting to know you is a desire to become acquainted with your conversational talent or your artfully attired body rather than with you yourself. If I am to be involved in an I-Thou relation, I cannot leave my mind out of it and still be me. Yet I cannot simply think my way into it for I am more than a mind; I am a person.

'Love, as always, supplies the best analogy to religion. To love only with my mind, or only my beloved's mind, would not be the love of heart and soul and might that most men seek. On the other hand, to love without one's mind is to commit the follies of which love has often been accused. It is a dangerous and difficult matter, to be sure. This is what is meant by existential risk. But every truly important human choice faces the same danger. So religious faith is not simply a matter of reason, nor can it yet proceed without it. God requires the whole man.

Thus the existentialist Buber, against the dire predictions of his critics, has not rejected man's efforts to improve society. On the contrary, it is just his philosophic understanding of what the relations between men should be that has made him a religious socialist. One of his major works, *Paths in Utopia,* is an analysis of various social philosophies; and his Zionism, particularly his complete dissociation from the formal Zionist organizations, is founded upon his convictions about what men can and what Jews particularly ought to do to create a worthy community. It was not just Israeli politics

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that led him to be appointed professor of Social Philosophy at the Hebrew University.

Buber's attitude to change and development in Judaism is like his attitude to social change. He is no bringer of a new orthodoxy. If anything, his insistence on personal experience as the criterion for Jewish observance is too free for most Jewish leaders. Here Rosenzweig's emphasis upon the discipline of the Law, understood in a developmental sense, can serve as guidance for the more traditionally inclined. In either case it is clear that existentialism can, like rationalism, provide a firm basis for the liberal traditions in Judaism.

WHAT seems to disturb Jewish religious liberals most about Buber, though, is not his theory of Jewish practice, but his return to the older Jewish theological terms. To speak of God as a Thou is to return to a personal God, to a concept of prayer as a dialogue between persons, to revelation as communication between God and man. To require the involvement of the total individual in his religion, to emphasize the importance of personal faith and devotion, is to reach for the intimate in a way to which modern men are unaccustomed and which makes them feel uneasy. This is not the cool rationalist tone that seemed the essence of liberal Judaism, and the hallmark of the sophisticated American.

But rather than being a fault, this may be just the contribution existential interpretations of Judaism can give us now. It is just such questions of personal faith, of the meaning of prayer, of the authority of revelation which are making their way to the fore of the lay consciousness. The warmth and feeling which American Jews have found missing in the older expressions of their liberalism cannot be supplied for long simply by renewing ceremonials or *kashrut*, and certainly not by a host of congregational gimmicks. What is needed is a statement of Jewish meaning that involves the emotions as well as the mind, that helps us understand how we may give ourselves entire without losing the gains rationalism has brought us. The existentialist method if not the existentialist content seems to offer the best prospect of meeting this need.

Since existentialism insists upon exposing illusions, and by doing so forces us to make genuine decisions, it perhaps helps us see most clearly how far the American Jewish community must go to become a community of the Jewishly religious. And it must go very far indeed. The decision to create a meaningful American Judaism, rather than just to go on building buildings, enrolling members, and making a great communal stir, is beset by all sorts of risks. But the existentialist realizes that there are no decisions without risks. He realizes too that truth is known only in the wholehearted acceptance which for a Jew must mean its living out in deeds. As Rosenzweig insisted, it is life that validates truth, and it takes the lives of generations to validate the greatest of them.

Here then is a call to American Jews which says nothing about defense activities and social acceptance, which does not use the carrot of mental health or the stick of intermarriage. It faces the realities of our possible failure, but knows that the promise of our own existence is bound up with our accepting the risk in a commitment to live by God's law as Israel has come to know it.

To be sure, existentialism has its internal difficulties. It has not yet successfully grappled with the problem of communication—how the realities of one man's existence may be harmonized with those another finds. In this respect Protestant thinkers, notably Paul Tillich, have already tried to go beyond existentialism. And there is of course a danger in too closely identifying Judaism with any philosophy, as Rudolph Bultmann seems to have identified Christianity too closely with existentialism. Judaism is not existentialism and it has much to say in the way of correcting and supplementing existentialism. Yet Judaism has always found value in midrash; it has considered philosophy not the equivalent of revelation, but a key to its meaning. Existentialism should yet prove to be the most meaningful midrash of our day.

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DENTIST

A Story

ALBERT HALPER

DOCTOR HARRIS had his office on Amsterdam Avenue, in the Upper Eighties of New York City. His office was on the second floor, over a drugstore, and his premises possessed north and east windows, through which the light streamed so blindingly that he had to angle his venetian blinds all the way down until noon. His walls were painted a soft pale green because he had once read in *Reader's Digest* that this was the softest and easiest hue to live with.

"In hospitals catering to nervous cases, that's the color they paint the walls," he was fond of telling his wife and two grown children.

"But you don't cater to mental cases," his wife reminded him. "All they want, your patients, is a comfortable chair and a good man to fix their teeth."

"No one is nervous coming to his dentist?" he smiled. He glanced at his children, a son and a daughter, for support. "As I get ready to drill a tooth, or to make an extraction, the color scheme is important in its function to soothe the patient."

Mrs. Harris frowned and changed the subject. She loved her husband, who was a successful dentist, a good craftsman, but in her opinion he talked too much; he was always ready to give his opinion on any subject, and he would speak warmly, almost heatedly, on more topics than any other man she had ever met. This ability of her husband to discourse with intensity, at the drop of a hat, sometimes made her nervous; even after thirty-five years of marriage to him, she felt herself tighten inside whenever he entered into a discussion on a controversial, or even an innocuous, subject.

"Sidney," she warned him sometimes, in an undertone inaudible to friends or guests in their apartment on West End Avenue, "you're talking too much, give Mrs. Gordon a chance to get in a few words."

He would pause, glare at her venomously for a moment, bite his lip and lapse into silence. But after a minute or two, swept up into the current of a fresh argument or conversation, he would begin talking more fluently than ever, with no ill feeling toward his wife.

In his office Doctor Harris was very popular with his patients. His collections of anecdotes and stories based on observations and personal experiences seemed to be inexhaustible; the best of them he polished year after year, and his memory was so phenomenal that he recalled who had heard a certain story of his and under what conditions he had told it. His uncanny feeling for the dramatic and the warmth of his narration moved most of his patients strongly, even when his tales took on a humorous twist.

"Doctor Harris, you should have been a writer," many of his patients told him. "Really, the way you have of telling a story! Why, what you said would make a wonderful movie!"

Flattered, the stocky, graying dentist would shake his head and smile. "Thank you, but what do I know of writing? Of its construction, its style? No, I'm thankful to be a dentist, just a good dentist. Tell me, do you like it when I use the high-speed

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ALBERT HALPER's first novel, *Union Square* (1933), was generally considered one of the more impressive "proletarian" novels of the 30's. In *Sons of the Fathers* (1940) and *Only an Inch from Glory* (1943), he turned to themes drawn from American Jewish life. His most recent book was *The Golden Watch*, published in 1953. Mr. Halper's story "The Big Slide" appeared in our December 1951 number.

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drill, or the regular one?" He always sent them out of his chair with a smile which he accompanied by a low half-bow; his manner may have been a trifle too ironic, too humorous at certain times, but it was always anchored solidly in humanity and warmth. His patients returned to him year after year; more than half of them now had their children coming to him for their dental problems; he even boasted that he was taking care of some of his oldest patients' grandchildren.

Doctor Harris's children, unlike their mother, did not criticize the dentist's story-telling habits. In their childhood they had listened with fascination to his tales and now, despite the occasional boredom they felt upon hearing him relate a familiar story for the first time to a guest, they merely sat back and smiled. Both of them loved their father. Marvin, the son, who was a lawyer and lived with his wife and one-year-old daughter on Central Park West, was especially tolerant of the old man.

"Why should I criticize him when he bends people's ears?" he said to his mother whenever she made the comment that "Papa talks too much." "He paid my way through law school, he made sacrifices for me, didn't he?"

"Marvin's right," the daughter said. Ethel, recently divorced from an interior decorator, and childless, also took her father's part. "When I was going through my worst period with Cecil, Pa always listened to me and gave me comfort."

"Did I say he wasn't a good man?" their mother asked. "Of course not, he's a prince. But if only he wouldn't tell the same stories over and over." She sighed. "But I guess I have to take it." Her children smiled, and Marvin came over and patted her cheek gently.

"You wouldn't want to change Pa and you know it." Then they got down to business, discussing what to buy the old raconteur for his sixtieth birthday—a wristwatch, or a portable hi-fi radio set for his office.

"Let's get him the hi-fi," Marvin suggested. "You know how he loves music."

"I was looking at a wonderful Swiss watch the other day," Ethel began.

"No, let's buy the hi-fi, by all means," said Mrs. Harris. "He can tune it down low while he's working on his patients' teeth." What she really meant was that if he had a radio in his office, Doctor Harris would listen to the softly played classical music and do less talking.

They bought the hi-fi set and presented it to him during a dinner party his wife gave in honor of his sixtieth birthday. About a dozen people, including his children, his daughter-in-law Ruth, and his closest friends, were present. Mrs. Harris had hired a woman from a catering service to assist her. There were candles on the dining room table; the woman from the catering service, in a white apron and cap, served drinks in the living room, and before they went in to eat each guest, followed by Marvin, Ethel, Ruth, and Mrs. Harris, proposed a toast. The dentist, listening to the various testimonials in his honor, was visibly affected. Staring at the festive board in the next room, with the candles lit for him, he felt so emotional he couldn't speak for several minutes. He cleared his throat a half a dozen times, and still the words did not come.

"What's the matter?" his wife laughed. "Can't you say something? Now of all times?"

He smiled at her, then at the others, after which he cleared his throat again. "Thank you, thank you one and all," he said, somewhat hoarsely, "for this nice dinner party and for your wonderful companionship this evening." He paused, still somewhat overcome, struggling to speak. "I wish I had a cough drop. But I want to say from the bottom of my heart I appreciate all the fine speeches, and I'll remember them for the rest of my life."

"Hear, hear," cried Marvin, raising his glass. "Listen, here's to my father, the best dentist on the West Side."

"No, in all of New York," his mother corrected him, and the others, lifting their glasses, agreed with her. Again, Doctor Har-

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ris was so overcome he could not speak; he gulped half of his Manhattan, his hand shaking.

"Dinner is served," the hired maid said quietly.

The guests finished their cocktails and rose from their chairs—Doctor and Mrs. Feldman, Mr. Weiner, a widower, Mr. and Mrs. Hochner, Mr. and Mrs. Reilly, and Mrs. Leftov who had lost her husband last year. They went into the dining room followed by the immediate family.

Soon, eating at the table, the dentist found his voice. He had dug up some new stories for the occasion, anecdotes which even his wife had never heard, and in a few minutes he became the center of conversation. The stories he related were good ones and created large bursts of laughter, but after a while, noting the flush on his face, his wife said, "Eat, eat, your meat is turning cold. Besides, you're talking yourself hoarse."

He waved the words aside. "It's only a little cold." He cut off a small piece of meat but before eating it said to the company, "Say, did I ever tell you the story about Mrs. Ronson, a patient of mine years ago, may her soul rest in peace? The way she cured her husband of staying out every Saturday night playing cards with the boys?" Still not eating, he began giving them the full details. Toward the end of the story, despite his efforts to make himself heard all around the table, his voice died down to a raw whisper. At the finish, his listeners laughed uproariously.

"You're making 'em more dramatic than ever," Mr. Reilly told him. He turned to the others. "Oh, he can tell them, can't he?"

The birthday party was a huge success. The gifts from the dentist's family and his friends lay on the sideboard. He tested the small hi-fi radio and was enthusiastic over its tone. When his wife suggested that he put it in his office, he readily agreed to do so.

"I've got a place for it, a nice place for it," he told everybody. "Right next to the sterilizer, on the metal table near the door."

The party broke up at midnight. When the dentist saw the guests to the door, he cleared his throat again, several times.

"Thanks, thanks for coming. And for all the lovely presents. I'll remember this evening all my life." He helped them with their coats.

"Take a drink of brandy for your cold," Mr. Reilly told him. He glanced toward Doctor Feldman, for support. "Isn't that a good suggestion?"

Doctor Feldman smiled. "It can't do any harm."

The guests filed out, and Doctor and Mrs. Harris, sighing and feeling slightly tired, closed the door. The rest of the family stayed on another twenty minutes, to tell their parents what a successful evening it was and to examine the other presents; then they, too, departed. Doctor Harris went into the bathroom, stared at his tongue, gargled his throat for a few seconds, and went to bed. His wife was in the kitchen, paying the catering woman her fee and thanking her for her expert assistance.

THE dentist's throat felt a lot better the following day and his voice regained its strength. But at the end of the week the huskiness returned, and he could not shake it off. One evening he felt himself straining to make himself heard.

"It's one of those late spring colds," he told his wife.

"You've been working too hard," she said. "You talk too much to your patients, too."

He disagreed with her. "I haven't changed my working habits. You can't be a clam while you're bending over a patient in the chair. You have to divert them, amuse them, otherwise they tense up."

"Yes, but—"

"I just divert them, I've been doing it for over thirty-five years." He coughed twice and cleared his throat. "It's a little phlegm. One of those stubborn spring colds. I'll go into Springer's place tomorrow and get something for it."

The next morning he went into the drugstore under his office and spoke to Springer, the proprietor. Springer gave him a bottle

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of raspberry-colored liquid which, he said, he had been using himself for colds for years. He informed the dentist of its ingredients, adding that it contained wild cherry bark and codeine. Doctor Harris nodded. "It sounds good, it ought to do the trick." He took the bottle upstairs (Springer would accept no money for it) and after swallowing small amounts of the medicine in the morning his throat indeed felt much improved. But the huskiness remained, and toward evening he felt himself straining again as he spoke to his patients. He came home one evening soon afterward, looked reflective, then said to his wife:

"I'm going to take an hour off tomorrow and see Doctor Feldman."

"I'm glad, Sidney. I've been telling you for a long time, you've been pushing too hard. You need a rest."

"Maybe you're right."

The next day the dentist went to see his friend, Doctor Feldman. Doctor Feldman gave him a thorough examination, shone a light down his throat, palpated his neck and behind the ears carefully, and after the examination was silent for a moment.

"Sidney, I'm going to send you to Doctor Shiel. You look okay but I'd like him to examine you just to make sure."

"Something's the matter with me."

"I don't know. Doctor Shiel is a wonderful throat man. We'll both feel better after he looks at you. I'll phone him and make an appointment for you."

"Something's wrong with me."

"I didn't say that. Now you're acting like some of the old women who come here complaining of aches and pains because they have nothing else to complain about. Say, that was some birthday party you threw. And some haul you made." He was looking in his black book for a number. "I'll call Shiel now."

The next day the dentist went to Doctor Shiel's office in Park Avenue. Doctor Shiel, using a bronchoscope, took a biopsy of his patient's throat and told him to return on Friday when the report on the slide would be in. When the dentist came in on Friday, Doctor Shiel informed Sidney Harris he had cancer of the larynx. It wasn't far advanced and he advised immediate surgery.

"What about radiation treatments, doctor?" the dentist asked, his face clammy.

"Not in this case." Doctor Shiel did not feel put out because his patient had questioned his procedure. "Doctor Harris, your chances for a successful operation are excellent. This isn't a complicated case."

"You're not kidding me, doctor?"

"I'm not kidding you."

The dentist looked into Doctor Shiel's eyes unwaveringly for a long five seconds, as if reading his destiny. "Okay, I'm in your hands, doctor."

THREE days later, Doctor Shiel removed most of the dentist's larynx, in a highly successful operation. In two weeks, Doctor Harris was home from the hospital. He was ordered not to speak until the fifth week, and to pass the time he read a lot in bed, newspapers, paperback mysteries, and a book about the Arctic region that his son Marvin had brought over. Mrs. Harris was a good nurse and cheerful companion, masking her anxieties in her husband's presence but going to pieces when she was with her children.

"So silent," she wept. "He lies there so silently. It's not like him, he seems like another person."

"But Mom," Marvin said with a smile, "it's the doctor's orders. In a few more days he'll be talking a mile a minute again."

"Sure, Mom," Ruth said cheerfully. "Wait till the five weeks are up, you'll see. Doctor Feldman said Doctor Shiel did a wonderful job. You heard him say that yourself. Wait until Saturday, Mom."

The children came over Saturday, to be with their mother when the dentist was to be allowed to speak again. Doctor Shiel was closeted with his patient in the bedroom and in fifteen minutes he emerged with a smile.

"No complications. He'll be all right." He hesitated. "Just be patient," he said. He put on his coat and hat and left.

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The family went into the bedroom to see their husband and father. When the dentist spoke, they fell silent. He had uttered a series of croaking noises. They stood aghast, trying to conceal their collective anguish. He attempted a smile and pointed to his throat as he saw their despairing eyes. At last, their stares riveted on his lips in a kind of horrified fascination, they understood some of his words. He was trying to tell them what Doctor Shiel had just said to him a few minutes ago, that he'd have to relearn how to speak, due to the loss of most of his larynx. The process of relearning wouldn't be too difficult, but it would demand a lot of patience and effort, from the patient and the entire family.

Twenty minutes later, when the family withdrew to the living room, Mrs. Harris said, wringing her hands, "He's so brave, we've got to help him, we've got to help him." Then she broke down and cried. Her children, overwrought themselves, looked at her without speaking. It was best for their mother to get a good cry out of her system as soon as possible.

DOCTOR Harris returned to his dental office in two months. In his absence a young dentist had taken over, a Doctor Wayne; some of the practice had slipped away while he had been filling in for the older man, but that was to be expected. Doctor Harris went over the books with his substitute, listened to a lengthy report, glanced at the appointment book, and thanked the young man for his help. He paid him generously for the time he had expended and they parted amiably. After the young man had departed, Doctor Harris put on his white starched dentist's jacket and waited for the first patient to arrive since his return. Waiting, he wondered why the young dentist had looked at him so strangely while he had been talking to him. He smiled. It had been his voice, of course. Young Doctor Wayne should have heard him five or six weeks ago, then he *would* have been surprised.

The first patient arrived, a middle-aged housewife who had been coming upstairs to Doctor Harris's office for years. She was taken aback when he greeted her. Though she had heard he had undergone an operation on his throat, she wasn't prepared for the sound of his voice as he began describing his late illness. He worked on her teeth with his usual skill, however, while he continued his monologue, and at the end of her visit she was laughing with him as he explained how he had had to relearn how to speak. "Imagine, at my age," he told her. "Just imagine, like I'm a baby!" The patient laughed with him as he made his guttural noises, because he was so open and utterly unself-conscious about it.

Doctor Harris did not lose much of his practice, right away. Most of his patients had long since grown accustomed to his talkativeness and they made more than the usual allowances for the sound of his voice at first. They felt he would calm down after a while, when he had exhausted his stories about the hospital, the nurses, and the fine job Doctor Shiel had performed on him.

But when, after a few months, he returned to his favorite topics, world events, philosophy, and the mediocrity of television programs, many of his patients lying back in his dental chair began to listen uneasily to his strange, croaking, almost incoherent sentences uttered directly above their faces. As was his habit, he spoke rapidly and this made his words even more unintelligible to his captive listeners. Gradually, some of them began cancelling their appointments.

It was Mrs. Reilly who alerted the dentist's wife. Going one day to Doctor Harris's office to have her bridgework repaired, she underwent an experience similar to that of the other patients who, lying back in the chair, had listened to the dentist's animated conversation as he worked inside their mouths.

"His hand is just as steady as ever, Bertha—but it's his voice that gets you after a while."

"His voice?"

"Well, I didn't want to tell you, Bertha, you know how much my husband and I love him. But as you lie there in his chair

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and he keeps making those noises you get nervous. Finally you want to jump up and leave."

"But I told him to whisper. That's what the doctor told him, too. His words are clearer, then. They sound better, too. Why doesn't he do it? Just whisper, I told him. Thanks, thanks for phoning me, Grace."

When the dentist came home that evening, his wife spoke to him about it. "Sidney, I know why your practice is falling off. I just learned today. Someone, whose name I won't mention, called me and told me how you speak to patients."

"Speak?" The dentist looked puzzled. "Of course I speak to them. I'm a human being, so I speak to them, and why not?"

"You're raising your voice again. And when you do that, Sidney, even I have a hard time understanding you. And I'm used to it by now." Seeing his face had paled, she went over to him and held his hands warmly, compassionately. "Sidney, you'll have to control yourself in the office. I know it will be hard. But don't talk much. If you have to talk, whisper. Otherwise you'll drive your patients away." She put a handkerchief to her eyes. "I didn't want to tell you, but I had to. I had to." He looked at her a long, pale moment, then bowed his head and nodded. A little later, when they ate dinner, he seemed to have recovered his good spirits.

"What's on TV tonight?" he said in a raw whisper. "Any good program? A good Western?" He smiled, and she smiled back at him.

For the next two weeks, he followed his wife's advice. He did not talk very much as his patients sat in his chair, and when he did he always tried to remember to speak in a whisper. But after a spell of comparative silence, he could hold himself in check no longer. Gradually, he resumed his habit of conversing at length to his patients. All his life he had been a talker; conversation to him was as natural, and as necessary, as breathing. He tried to check himself but he failed miserably. The more he held himself back, the more violent was the torrent of words that spilled out of him when he could contain himself no longer.

Hearing the strange, animal-like sounds that issued from his lips, some of his patients grew frightened. During one week two of them, women, struggled up from his chair in the middle of their visits and hurriedly left his office. That sobered the dentist. He kept quiet for a few days after that, rarely talking above his rough whisper, but by the end of the week, unable to control himself, he was once more speaking volubly about the latest East-West crisis, juvenile delinquency, and the growing and dangerous influence of gangsters in legitimate business.

By the beginning of June, three months following his return to his office, Doctor Harris's practice had dropped 50 per cent.

"Don't talk to your patients!" his wife cried out again. "You'll end up with nothing —nothing!"

"What can I do? Be a dummy? After all these years?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Be silent! I see now that that's the only solution."

He whispered hoarsely. "But how can I?"

"Sidney, your patients still love you. But you just have to control your conversation."

"How? How?"

"When you feel like talking—write. We'll buy you pads of paper. We'll get you a dozen ballpoint pens. That way you'll save your practice!"

He looked at her incredulously, then bowed his head again.

The next day he purchased some pads of paper and a bunch of ballpoint pens which he brought to his office. A day later, he tried to commit suicide. Springer the druggist had given him a bottle of sleeping pills and then, suddenly becoming suspicious, had run upstairs and found him in his lab, on the floor.

This experience threw the dentist's family into terror and perplexity. "I must have been crazy," the dentist told his wife, afterward. "It's not your fault. Believe me, it won't happen again." And he spoke with such sim-

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plicity, such conviction, she knew he meant it.

Doctor Harris, as good as his word, did not make another attempt at suicide. But the rumor concerning his try at it had somehow gotten around. As the weeks went by, his practice dwindled further. Doctor Harris wasn't a poor man; he had been a successful dentist for a long time and had invested his earnings in a small apartment house on West End Avenue and in blue-chip stocks; but as he witnessed his career collapsing he grew deeply depressed.

The one thing that sustained the dentist was the small, excellent hi-fi set in his office. As his practice had declined, he became addicted to listening to the classical music coming from the FM stations. In the long intervals between patients he sat in the waiting room, in one of the chairs there, hearing the work of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schumann, hour after hour. Concertos and sonatas had become his favorites. He acquired the habit of humming the themes and variations to himself. When he grew tired of sitting near the hi-fi set he went to stand at the windows that looked down on Amsterdam Avenue. The neighborhood had changed during the last few years. It had "gone down," as the real estate people said; a poorer class of people had moved in, the advance echelons of struggling minority groups, who lived huddled together in small, cut-up apartments. The dentist, long familiar with all the landmarks, still gazed with affection at the buildings, the store fronts, and the life in the street.

REALLY, he thought one morning, he had no cause for complaint. "Well, I have lived over sixty years," he told himself, almost cheerfully. "I've raised a family, I've gone on some wonderful vacations, and I have nice friends." As he stood staring at the window, he heard his door open as his first patient of the day entered.

"Hello, Mrs. Reilly," he whispered. "How nice you look today. Is that a new dress?" he asked in his rough whisper as she stepped into his chair with a smile. He placed the napkin around her throat, efficient, businesslike, cheerful. "Of course it's a new dress," he whispered huskily, his words competing against the sound of the music coming from the next room. "That means your husband put through a good deal last week, right?" Mrs. Reilly, pleased at the attention he was giving her, laughed.

"Sidney, you notice everything, don't you? Now I want you to fix that back filling. That job you did on my bridge was wonderful. I haven't had a bit of trouble with it since."

"Of course not," he whispered hoarsely, with a smile. "When Doctor Harris does a job, he does a job. You think he's a butcher?" As he gripped his instruments, he noticed, with annoyance, that the music had become somewhat loud because the theme being broadcast had developed breadth and depth. He cleared his throat and raised his voice. "By the way, did you see what our State Department is doing today, over the latest Berlin crisis!" He hadn't had a patient to talk to for two days; now his words tumbled out, most of them unintelligible. Mrs. Reilly lay back in the dental chair, her fists clenched tightly. Despite her determination to relax, she still felt frightened at the strange noises coming from the dentist's mouth. With her jaws extended to his probing instruments, she forced herself to sit quietly, though her abdomen had hardened.

Later on, when he was finished with the woman, the dentist's voice dropped back to a whisper. He had had his release for the day.

"Thanks for being so patient," he whispered gratefully. "You're not only a patient, you're patient."

The woman got up out of the chair nervously, her palms wet, her big back aching from suppressed fear. She saw the dentist's eyes come to rest on some small pads of paper and a dozen ballpoint pens stuck upright into a drinking glass.

"Mrs. Reilly," he said in his raw whisper, "what shall I do with these pads and all these ballpoint pens? A salesman came up and sold them to me, and I have no use for

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them. What shall I do with them? Huh?"

Mrs. Reilly came over to the table and looked at the merchandise. The pens were good ones, not the cheap kind featured in the windows of dime stores. She could give them to her small grandchildren, she thought. Her grandchildren would love to draw pictures on those nice pads, too. Then she remembered something; she suddenly recalled the taxing telephone conversation she had had with Mrs. Harris two weeks ago, during which the dentist's wife, distraught, had told her she had ordered her husband to communicate with his patients in writing to avoid frightening them with his guttural, animal-like noises.

"I—I couldn't take them, Sidney," she blurted out, without thinking. "Really—you can make better use of them than I can—"

He stared at her, white-faced and speechless; and in his eyes she now saw his despair, his utter loneliness. She made her exit awkwardly, as quickly as she could.

A few seconds later, Doctor Harris went to stand at the windows, watching Mrs. Reilly's matronly figure moving up the street toward the bus stop. He saw her get into a bus and ride away. Then he turned and faced the hi-fi set, which was playing louder than before. It was one of the Beethoven quartets, and the music filled the office with its full, blasting, resonant tonality. Still white-faced, the dentist stood before the instrument, his blood pounding. As the music swelled out fuller and deeper, he felt his temples throbbing with defeat and anguish. "No, I can't keep silent!" he told himself. "When I'm dead, yes! . . . I can't! I can't!" The composition ended, abruptly. In the sudden silence, which seemed to suck up his physical reserves like a giant sponge, the dentist heard the lament of his voiceless outcries re-echoing throughout the office. He sat down tremblingly in a chair in the waiting room, his knees weak, his face covered with perspiration.

That night when he came home, Doctor Harris was unusually quiet at the dinner table. He ate sparingly but his wife was so pleased at his subdued demeanor, which told her he was learning to control himself down at the office, that she did not call his attention to the special manner in which she had prepared the broiled chicken, just the way he liked it, until later.

"Sidney," she smiled, her mouth half full of food, "isn't the chicken good? Isn't it delicious?"

He was staring at his fork, his face pale, his eyes blank.

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely, "yes."

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

A FEMINIST BEFORE HER TIME

Responsum from Maimonides

MOSES MAIMONIDES (1135-1204) has achieved lasting fame as the outstanding philosopher of the Jewish Middle Ages. Philosophy was only one of his accomplishments. The fourteen volumes of his *Mishneh Torah* are a topical arrangement of the totality of the Jewish Law, and Maimonides is, therefore, regarded as the foremost systematizer in the history of the Law. In addition to writing his legal code, Maimonides took the time to answer questions of the Law addressed to him from all over the Jewish world, and so became an important contributor to the literature of Responsa. In this branch of Jewish literature, the questions are published along with the answers, and together they afford an insight for the latter-day historian into the social and economic circumstances in which the questions arose.

The following Responsum is No. 45 of the *Responsa of Maimonides,* published, in the original Arabic and a Hebrew translation, in Jerusalem, 1957.—JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI

QUESTION: May our Master instruct us concerning the case of a Jew who has been married to a woman for a number of years. During one year he had to travel away on business, and he has been away from his city at intervals for a period of four years. When he returned to his home, he found that his brother-in-law, his wife's brother, had become a schoolteacher, and that his wife was assisting her brother in his teaching. Her husband had taught her a little Torah, and during her husband's absence she had taught herself the rest of the Torah. Her husband said to her: "It is not at all fitting that you should be teaching the children. I have misgivings about their fathers, who will come to visit them and who will put you into an embarrassing position. For your own sake as well as for mine, I do not want this to happen."

When the said wife heard this from him, she made life miserable for her husband, refraining from doing the work which Jewish women are obligated to do for their husbands. She refrained from kneading [bread], from cooking, from sexual intercourse, from sweeping the house, from washing clothes, and from fulfilling her obligations toward her children. Instead, she continued teaching together with her brother from morning to night. Whenever the man needs to have something done—such as cooking or kneading [bread] or washing a garment, and the like—he is obliged to hire someone at full pay to do these tasks for him.

The man has been living with this woman under such circumstances for four years now, and is now tired of it. But the woman is part owner in a property together with her sister and with her mother-in-law, her husband's mother; and the man is afraid to divorce her, lest she take the said share of the property and sell it, to give [the money] to the next man who would marry her, and thus leave her children by her present husband deprived.

Moreover, the said woman has a clause in her marriage contract which prohibits her husband from taking an additional wife, or having a maidservant whom she dislikes stay in the house. And if he takes another wife, or has a maidservant stay who is hateful to his wife, then the husband is obliged to pay his wife the complete sum [to which her marriage contract entitles her], and to put in writing that he divorces her—even though only she wishes to be divorced,

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while he does not want to divorce her.

May His Excellency instruct us whether or not the man is permitted to take an additional wife, in such a manner that his first wife remains under his jurisdiction—lest she hasten to divest herself of her share of the property. And may he explain to us clearly what the Law requires in every single aspect [of this case]. And may his reward be double.

ANSWER: He is forbidden to take an additional wife except with his first wife's permission, or after he has paid the sum due her. But he is permitted to restrain her from the teaching of children. And the court of law must reprove her on this account, and restrain her. In case she demands a divorce because her husband restrains her from teaching, it shall not be given to her. Rather do we lock the doors before her, and block the ways to this, and take charge of her affairs in the interim—until she changes her mind and agrees to conduct herself uprightly with her husband.

Written by
MOSES

NOW WHEN THE WATERS PRESS IN FORCE

YEHUDA AMIHAI

Now, when the waters press in force
On the walls of the dams,
Now, when the white returning cranes
Change in the middle of the air to flights of jets,
Again we will feel how strong the ribs are,
And how courageous the warm air inside the lungs,
And how much daring is needed to love in the open plain
When the high dangers are arching overhead,
And how much love is demanded
To fill all the empty vessels
And the watches which have stopped telling time,
And how much breath,
A storm of breath,
To sing the small song of spring.

YEHUDA AMIHAI, considered to be one of Israel's leading young poets, has been previously represented in COMMENTARY by "Sonnet" (December 1956) and "Autobiography in the Year 1952" (May 1959). The interested reader will find a discussion of him in Meir Mindlin's article "The Israeli Scene" (March 1959). The present poem was translated from the Hebrew by M. Benaya, author of the Israeli novel *The Levelling Wind*.

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ON THE HORIZON

THE CRIMINAL AS PUBLIC SERVANT

The Record of Some Recent Writings

EDOUARD RODITI

ALL through 1946, I was employed by the Department of the Army as an interpreter at the International Military Tribunal's war crimes trials in Nuremberg. One morning I was summoned to my chief's office and instructed to act for the next few days as an interpreter and guide for a visiting French journalist. A few minutes later, in the office of the United States Chief Prosecutor, Mr. Justice Jackson, I was introduced to the novelist Elsa Triolet, who had once been the companion of the Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovsky and is now the wife of the poet Louis Aragon, one of the leading personalities in the French Communist party. (It was she who inspired Aragon's poems on *Les yeux d'Elsa.*)

Madame Triolet had come to Nuremberg for the French Communist press to report on the appearance as a witness of Rudolf Hoess, former commandant of the Auschwitz extermination camp. Before seeing Hoess or hearing his testimony, Madame Triolet expressed her indignation. Such a monster, she insisted, should have been executed summarily on arrest; his appearance in a court as a mere witness was a travesty of justice. I agreed with her that Hoess should be condemned and executed, but explained that he still had to face trial before a Polish court, within the frontiers of the country where he had committed his crimes. I also tried to explain the importance of Hoess's testimony in determining who, among Heinrich Himmler's immediate subordinates, should now be condemned for formulating the policies which men like Hoess had implemented.

Later, Madame Triolet and I sat side by side as Hoess delivered his astounding testimony before a packed courtroom. Without the quiver of an eyelash, he reported concisely and factually on his "processing" some two to three million Jews and other victims of the Third Reich through gas chambers, crematoria, and concentration camps. Hoess's appearance and manner were those of a man who would everywhere be considered, in government and business, an unusually competent and reliable administrator, thorough if unimaginative. The face of Madame Triolet, beside me, expressed sheer horror, as if Hoess were a repulsive physical monster mouthing obscenities worse than the vilest pages of the Marquis de Sade. Yet the painfully correct witness never uttered a word that might offend; he spoke of mass murder in the terms of a technician, without any gruesome details, without any of the eloquence of the moralist or of the sadist. No intelligence agency could ever have considered him a "security risk."

When I subsequently read the Paris Communist press, I found that Madame Triolet had paid no attention at all to my explanations about the trial that awaited Hoess in Poland, under the terms of the Allied extradition agreements on war criminals. She described him as a monster and, moreover, a free man who enjoyed American protection.

EDOUARD RODITI is a free-lance writer, long resident in France, whose works include a biography of Oscar Wilde and *Poems, 1928-1948*. He last appeared in these pages with a review of *Le Traître*, by André Görz (April).

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Thirteen years later, I found myself reading the autobiographical statement which Hoess had subsequently written in a Cracow prison while awaiting his trial and execution. It confirms my original impression of Hoess as an unimaginative technocrat of genocide. With the permission of the Polish government, Hoess's original German text has been published in Stuttgart as Volume V of the Deutsche Verlagsanstalt's *Quellen und Darstellungen zur Zeitgeschichte,* under the title *Kommandant in Auschwitz.* In an introduction and footnotes, Martin Broszat does his best to correct statements of the author that fail to correspond to historical fact. But there exist Augean stables of literature that no critical Hercules could ever clean, and the memoirs of Hoess, a Nazi by temperament and unregenerate until the very last, are written in a style and language that betray his opinions in every sentence. Quite naturally, for instance, Hoess describes a Jewish physician as a "Jew-doctor," much as one might describe a veterinarian as a "horse-doctor"; he enthusiastically presents Himmler as a man of the world, whose charm and culture were literally dazzling; in complaining of bribery and corruption in Auschwitz, he speaks of the clandestine infiltration of "Jew-gold" in such terms that the average reader might imagine that every Jew arrived in an extermination camp with a fortune in cash and jewelry.

At the same time, too much of Hoess's basic mentality has been taken for granted by the editor, and not sufficiently elucidated. It would be absurd, for instance, to expect Hoess himself to question the principles of Eichmann's policy for the "final solution" of "the Jewish problem"; he only objected to the inefficiency of the procedures adopted to implement it. A fanatical believer in hard work, efficiency, order, discipline, and cleanliness, Hoess was constantly shocked by the failure of the Third Reich to provide adequate transportation, food, medical and sanitation supplies, and supervisory personnel for its victims. A humanitarian in his macabre way, he was in favor of killing all Jews on their arrival in Auschwitz, instead of selecting from among them a handful of men "fit for work," and then letting them die eventually of disease, hardship, and hunger in the overcrowded, under-supplied work camps. He was always bothering his Berlin superiors for more supplies, for less corrupt and brutal personnel, above all for a slowdown in the shipments of new arrivals so as to allow him to build a more efficient processing machine: gas chambers and crematoria for the unemployable, and amenities for the employable in his work camps. Without any irony, he could thus set up, at the entrance to the work camp, a huge sign that proclaimed: *Arbeit macht frei*—"Work brings freedom."

From his earliest boyhood, Hoess had been unimaginative and uncommunicative, incapable of perceiving the motives of his own actions or those of others. In his childhood, he preferred the company of animals; he respected but never loved his parents. Describing his own provincial background, he readily adopts an idyllic tone, that of conventional German Romanticism, with all its clichés inherited from such minor Biedermeier classics of *Gemütlichkeit* as the memoirs of the painter Ludwig Richter. But as soon as he must cope with any personal experience that is at all unusual, he relapses into the dreary jargon of the Nazi bureaucrat.

His father, a devout Catholic, had wanted Hoess to study for the priesthood, but the boy had lost his faith, if we are to believe his memoirs, when his confessor disclosed one of the secrets of the confessional to his family. Shortly after his father's death, Hoess managed, as an adolescent, to join the German army in the First World War, where he proved to be an unusually effective and courageous soldier. At the time of the armistice, he was in Damascus, after having fought in a cavalry regiment on the Mesopotamian front. Instead of surrendering to the Allies, Hoess and a few of his older companions decided to strike out on their own and return to Germany, under his leadership, by whatever means they might find. With their horses, without maps or supplies, they managed to reach a Turkish port on the Black Sea; from there, by sailing ship, they got to Varna in Bulgaria, then proceeded on horseback through Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, and Slovakia to Germany. Xenophon's factual narrative of a similar venture has been a classic for two thousand years; Hoess handles the material of his Anabasis

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in a paragraph of fourteen colorless lines.

Hoess joined the Nazi party as early as 1922. He was in prison from 1922 to 1928, having been condemned to penal servitude for a political murder which he may not have actually committed but about which, during his trial, he steadfastly refused to give any information that might incriminate the irregular para-military organization to which he belonged or any of his companions. He proved a model prisoner and was released under the terms of an amnesty before having served his full sentence. His account of these years has none of the brilliance that made Ernest von Salomon's *Der Fragebogen* a best seller; whereas Salomon appears now to regret his part in murdering Walter Rathenau, Hoess unpacks his own past like so much luggage that he has accumulated without ever evaluating it in the course of a busy life.

On his release from prison, Hoess became active among the Artamanen, a mystical Nazi back-to-the-land movement that sought to draw German boys and girls away from the "corrupting" influence of the cities and to settle them on the soil. It was among the Artamanen that he met and married his wife, and soon settled on a farm to raise a family. But in 1934 he was asked to join the SS and, because of his extensive experience of prison life, was immediately incorporated in the administration of concentration camps—at first in a minor capacity at Sachsenhausen, then in more responsible positions at Dachau, finally as commandant of Auschwitz, a new camp which he had to create on the site of a group of abandoned Polish Army barracks and of the warehouses of the former Polish tobacco monopoly.*

Hoess's account of his experiences in Sachsenhausen, Dachau, and Auschwitz is for the most part a long gripe about inefficiency, brutality, and corruption in the Nazi administration of these camps, and about bad morale and lack of solidarity among the inmates. For some of the categories in which German nationals were officially classed, he expresses a grudging respect: the Jehovah's Witnesses, for instance, so madly meek and disciplined in their martyrdom, and the political prisoners, many of whom displayed courage, solidarity, and a staunch loyalty to their ideals and their fellow prisoners. As a former prisoner himself, Hoess felt a grudging sympathy for the common criminals; and he seems to have viewed the Gypsies, as most SS men did, with romantic condescension for what was primitive and exotic (though this attitude suggested no particular qualms when the order came from Berlin to exterminate these "true children of nature"). For the homosexuals† and the Jews, however, he expresses nothing but horror and contempt.

Hoess quotes some shocking examples of demoralization among the concentration camp inmates, including cases of cannibalism among Russian prisoners of war. He appears to have been particularly shocked by the demoralization of many Jewish inmates. But the macabre parody of the Aliyah that three million Jews experienced in the concentration camps had, by tearing them away from their communities and families, deprived them of any real hope of survival. Jewish families were broken up on their arrival in an extermination camp. Most women, children, elderly people, and invalids were killed immediately; only one out of every four or five Jews—mostly men—were selected for precarious survival in the labor camps. Hoess was surprised that many of these survivors accepted jobs in the processing of new arrivals, directing them from the trains to the gas chambers and removing their corpses to the crematoria. He was not similarly shocked, however, when German SS-men in Sachsenhausen and Dachau were willing to

*This was in 1940, at a time when the Roosevelt administration still maintained diplomatic relations with the Nazi government whose policies of genocide Hoess was preparing to implement. Three years later, when the gas chambers and crematoria had already been working overtime for nearly two years, our Voice of America was still forbidden by directives from Washington to mention these atrocities in broadcasts to occupied Europe. It was repeatedly explained, until the Dutch Government-in-Exile in London published an official protest against the deportations and exterminations of Dutch Jews, that the Jewish sources which had reported the details of genocide were not reliable.

†The editor was tactful enough to cut most of the anecdotes about the homosexuals whom Hoess observed in prisons; but we are treated to a brief description of a therapy devised by Hoess for the cure of homosexuality: confining each "patient" with a convicted prostitute who was expected to report on the success or failure of the treatment.

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execute other Germans who had been summarily condemned.

Reviewing this strangely inarticulate book in the London magazine, *World Jewry*, Gerald Reitlinger, an expert in the subject of Nazi genocide, was as puzzled as I am by the problems that it raises. As testimony on the crimes of the Nazi regime, it is peculiarly unrevealing, except insofar as it corroborates facts that are already known. As a revelation of the mind of the universal bureaucrat, it poses far more serious problems.

LA NUIT is an unusually poignant account of the Auschwitz labor camps by an inmate. Elie Wiesel, a former Talmudic student in an Orthodox community in Transylvania and now an Israeli citizen, here describes the impact of this vision of inferno on his religious beliefs. This is rather new in the literature; until now, most of the accounts have been by the more assimilated Jewish survivors.

Wiesel admits that he lost his trust in God when he was forced to witness the hanging of a child who had already been tortured, in vain, in order to extract information about weapons which had been found in his section of the camp. Two adults were hanged at the same time and the whole camp made to march past the place of execution:

"The two adults were no longer alive. Their tongues were hanging out, swollen, huge and blue. But the third rope was still quivering. The child weighed so little that he was still alive. For more than half an hour, he remained dangling in his struggle between life and death, as we witnessed his agony. When I passed before the gibbet, he was still alive, his tongue still red, his eyes still bright. Behind me, I heard a man say: 'Where is God?' I felt within me a voice that gave an answer: 'Where is He? Here, we have hanged Him, on this gibbet...'"

In an otherwise admirably compassionate preface, the great French writer François Mauriac, who has done more than any other Nobel Prize winner in recent years to condemn crimes against humanity, even those of his own government in North Africa, expresses surprise that Wiesel abjured the Jewish religion. A theologian would explain to Mauriac that our religion is founded on a Covenant with God, whose existence is made manifest, requiring no act of faith, no *Credo quia absurdum*, only trust in his willingness to keep his part, in spite of our shortcomings. Even Jesus on the cross felt that his trust in God, as a Jew, had been violated: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" But Wiesel's account of how he lost his faith suggests other echoes, besides those of the New Testament. In Stavrogin's confession, Dostoevsky described how a little girl, whom the protagonist of *The Possessed* had raped, then felt that "God is dead" and hanged herself. Wiesel's loss of faith led him, however, as a former Talmudist who had been initiated in Cabbalistic thought, to theological allegorizations of his subsequent experiences in Auschwitz. At one point shortly before his liberation, for instance, he might have prolonged his father's life for a day or two at the risk of depriving himself of some slight chance of survival. In his mind, the incident became a reversal of the Akedah, with Isaac actually sacrificing Abraham, so that the Covenant ceased to be valid; for in a godless world no ram appeared miraculously to substitute for the human victim.

IN every nation, however civilized, there is today a dangerously high proportion of people like Rudolf Hoess, technically or bureaucratically competent individuals who manage to achieve positions of responsibility no matter how unfit they may be to be trusted with the fate of other human beings. In 18th-century France, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre caused a stir by proposing a project to make the peers of the realm serve useful purposes. In our own time, governments such as those of Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, and contemporary France seem to have discovered that one means of reducing crime in civilian life is to encourage pathological criminals to serve in the forces of law and order. To attribute the moral blindness of a Hoess entirely to the fact that he happens to have been a German is a nonsensical corollary of the equally nonsensical racist theory of German collective guilt.

Wiesel's *La nuit* was published in Paris in the same series of documents of the Editions de Minuit (former clandestine publishers of the French Resistance under German occupation) as Henri Alleg's banned *La question*, and a spate of other revelations

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of brutalities of the French army and secret police in Algeria.* In the past two years, the publication of these pamphlets, one of which is prefaced by Mauriac and another by Sartre, has been a major event in French literary life, comparable only with the publication of Zola's *J'accuse* in the days of the Dreyfus affair.

In the preface to the London edition of *La gangrène*—in which five Algerian students describe how they were tortured in the Paris headquarters of the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, in premises which had been used for similar purposes fifteen years ago by the Gestapo—Peter Benenson, Queen's Counsel, writes: "It seems almost unbelievable that, somewhere in what has long been regarded as the most highly civilized city in the world, there should be a room where officers of the French Republic deliberately suspend naked young Algerians over a spit slung between two tables, and proceed to discharge spasms of electric current through their sexual organs."

As a former beneficiary of an eleventh-hour police grilling at the hands of the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, in the same premises of the rue des Saussaies, only a hundred yards from the Presidential palace, I was not surprised to learn that several of the crimes of which French troops and police units are now accused are exactly the same as those that I have found described again and again in the accounts of survivors of Nazi brutality. But are we Americans as innocent as we pretend, just because we so readily condemn atrocities committed in foreign lands, particularly those that happen to be behind the Iron Curtain? Benenson points out that the censorship on news and visitors in colonial areas dependent on democracies is less total than, for instance, in Angola or Tibet; but the English edition of *La gangrène* to which he has written the preface contains added sections that provide little comfort for his countrymen. They frankly discuss atrocities committed by British troops in Cyprus in October 1958, as well as the consequences of the infamous Cowan Plan in the Hola camp for Mau Mau internees in Kenya, where eleven Africans were clubbed to death, it appears, for refusing to carry out a forced labor assignment.

Only recently, I chanced to dine in London with an American technician who was on his way home from a construction job with an oil company in one of the Persian Gulf sheikdoms. He described how he had often recruited "native" laborers for his projects from the camps of kidnapped African slaves, mostly pilgrims to Mecca. These are the only manpower pools from which oil companies in that area are allowed to recruit unskilled labor, thus providing local potentates with additional income. I checked this information by consulting British oilmen who had also visited these sheikdoms; they all spoke in exactly the same tone as the technicians of the I. G. Farben chemical trust whom I had heard interrogated in Nuremberg about their experiences in selecting slave laborers from among the inmates of Auschwitz.†

The more I travel and the more I learn about the real nature of the world in which I live, the less can I believe in anything but the integrity of a chosen few—the few who absolutely refuse the responsibilities of power in institutions, whether public or private, which seem so readily to tolerate crime.

**L'affaire Audin,* by Pierre Vidal-Nacquet; *La question Algérienne,* by Jean Dresch, Charles A. Julien, Henri Marrou, Alfred Sauvy, and Pierre Stibbs; *La gangrène,* by Bechir Boumaza, Mustapha Francis, Benaissa Souami, Abd-el-Kader Belhad, and Moussa Khebaili. The English edition of *La gangrène* was published in London by John Calder, Ltd.

†This is no place to discuss the truth or falsehood of Salomon's accusations, in *Der Fragebogen,* of brutal treatment of German prisoners of war and internees at the hands of U.S. Army camp guards. But we should not forget that we once allowed our government to dispossess, deport from the West Coast, and intern our Nisei co-citizens under circumstances that few of us would now find tolerable; nor that the treatment of internees in many of our mental homes, county jails, prisons, and penitentiaries remains quite inhuman.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PREJUDICE

An Exchange

HERE two social psychologists at Harvard University take exception to the views presented by WILLIAM PETERSEN in his article "Prejudice in American Society" (October 1958), and Mr. Petersen replies. HERBERT C. KELMAN, born in Vienna in 1927, came to the United States in 1940 and was educated at Brooklyn College, the Seminary College of Jewish Studies, and Yale University. He is the author of *Social Influence and Personal Belief,* to be published next year. THOMAS F. PETTIGREW, who was born in Richmond in 1931, studied at the University of Virginia and Harvard. He is co-author with E. Q. Campbell of *Christians in Racial Crisis: A Study of the Little Rock Ministry* (1959). Professor Petersen, a frequent contributor, now teaches sociology at the University of California. He is the author of *Planned Migration* (1955) and the editor of an Anchor Book, *American Social Patterns* (1956).

Herbert C. Kelman & Thomas F. Pettigrew

Two decades of intensive research into intergroup conflict and prejudice have led investigators to agree on a number of important conclusions. First, group prejudice is now commonly viewed as having *two* components: hostility and misinformation. And second, it is now realized that a variety of factors is required to deal with the complexities of the problem. Only a theory employing the insights, techniques, and data of all of the social sciences can adequately account for the phenomenon.

Readers of William Petersen's article, "Prejudice in American Society: A Critique of Some Recent Formulations" (October 1958), may be surprised to learn of this agreement and progress in the study of prejudice. Mr. Petersen neither believes that a two-fold definition of prejudice is widely accepted, nor agrees that psychological contributions are helpful. Moreover, Mr. Petersen seems to have some peculiar notions regarding the political commitments of researchers in this field. Our present discussion attempts to correct the erroneous image of the present state of research into prejudice which his article gives, to explain the assumptions and purposes of a social-psychological analysis, and to counteract the false dichotomy Mr. Petersen makes between psychological and sociological approaches.

Mr. Petersen's argument, as far as it pertains to the study of prejudice per se, seems to be as follows: In recent work on prejudice, there has been a "revision of the older theory" of intergroup relations, involving a shift from a sociological to a psychological emphasis. A great deal of this revision "has not represented an improvement." The trend in recent work, he believes, has been to view prejudice simply as hostility toward a minority group and ignore its original connotation of prejudgment—i.e., "a judgment about a group before the facts concerning it are known." There is a need, according to Mr. Petersen, to reverse this trend and to analyze prejudice in its factual context. The study of prejudice needs to focus primarily on the *object* of prejudice rather than on the *subject,* i.e., the person with the prejudice.

It seems to us absurd to pose the sociological and the psychological approaches as alternatives to each other. No current authorities now advocate, as Mr. Petersen implies, an exclusively psychological approach. Psychologists like Gordon Allport and sociologists like Arnold Rose have repeatedly made it clear that

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both sociological and psychological approaches are necessary for a full understanding of prejudice. Social psychologists have never proposed psychological analysis as a *substitute* for a sociological approach; rather they have sought to introduce some *additional* variables which may help to round out the picture. To create an issue between sociological and psychological theories can only have the effect of retarding research in the field of prejudice.

Mr. Petersen's contention that there has been a marked tendency in recent work to deprive the definition of prejudice of its original meaning—judgment without an adequate factual base—is unwarranted. In the chief work in this area, Allport's *The Nature of Prejudice* (to which, curiously, Mr. Petersen does not refer), ethnic prejudice is defined as "an antipathy based upon a faulty and inflexible generalization." Allport makes it clear that prejudice may involve a favorable as well as an unfavorable prejudgment. In *ethnic* prejudice, however, negative attitudes are a central feature, and these therefore represent his chief concern. In any event, his definition most certainly treats prejudice as "an attitude based on incomplete knowledge." The same is true for the definitions offered in another standard review of the field (G. Saenger's *The Social Psychology of Prejudice*), in various social psychology texts (e.g., *Theory and Problems of Social Psychology* by D. Krech and R. S. Crutchfield and *Social Psychology* by L. W. Doob), and even in a general psychology text (C. T. Morgan's *Introduction to Psychology*). Thus, Krech and Crutchfield speak of prejudices as "beliefs that are established prior to the revelation of the pertinent objective facts." They give this example: "When people are 'prejudiced' against the Catholic or the Russian, it means only that the perceptions they have about the Catholic or the Russian will tend to deviate in an unfavorable direction *from the objective facts*" (italics ours).

Even the definitions that Mr. Petersen quotes as evidence of how the pre-factual character of prejudice is being ignored, when seen in full context, do not have the implications that he ascribes to them. For example, T. M. Newcomb, in *Social Psychology*, takes essentially the same position as Krech and Crutchfield. He indicates that he is not using prejudice "in the original sense, according to which it meant *any* kind of prejudgment," but rather "in the *more limited* (and more common) sense of 'prejudice against'" (italics ours). Thus, for Newcomb hostility is a *necessary* ingredient of the definition of prejudice, but certainly not a *sufficient* one, as Mr. Petersen claims. Clearly, Newcomb is talking only about hostility that constitutes a prejudgment. Indeed, all of these writers accept the dual nature of prejudice: hostility *and* prejudgment. One cannot accuse them of saying, or even implying, that unfavorable attitudes toward *any* group constitute prejudice. But this accusation, as we shall see, is a major building block in Mr. Petersen's argument.

THE conception of prejudice as hostility without factual base, rather than as mere hostility, is implicit in the most important psychological study of prejudice, *The Authoritarian Personality*, by T. W. Adorno *et al.* (which Mr. Petersen cites). In this study ethnic prejudice is seen as part of a syndrome which includes characteristic ways of dealing with the factual world. Typically, the prejudiced individual is not open to new facts which threaten his image of the world. He tends to be rigid in the face of anxiety and ambiguity, and unable to alter his preconceived evaluations. Thus these personality studies of prejudice—the principal target of Mr. Petersen's critique—not only conceive of prejudice as hostility without a factual base, but actually postulate a dynamic connection between hostility toward ethnic groups and inability to reexamine one's attitudes in the light of new facts.

How, then, can one claim that there has been a massive abandonment of the original definition of prejudice as prejudgment? We believe Mr. Petersen is right when he argues that hostility toward a group does not necessarily mean prejudice. We believe he is wrong when he assumes that there is anyone who disagrees with him.

Mr. Petersen then proceeds to argue that we need to analyze the factual context of prejudice and to focus on the object of prejudice. Again, we agree with this—as a general admonition. It is important, for example, to study the minority groups which are culturally defined as objects of prejudice in order to gain some understanding of the reasons why they have been selected as scapegoats. Such an understanding cannot be derived simply from the study of prejudiced persons, but requires a historically based analysis of the characteristics of the minority group and of its position in the general

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social structure. The importance of the factual context, however, is not at all an issue in the study of prejudice. Recognition of this point does not require one to differentiate between a sociological and a psychological approach. If there is any differentiation, it is between an intelligent and an unintelligent approach. This does not mean, of course, that *every* study of, say, anti-Negro prejudice must concern itself with the reasons why the Negro is selected as a popular object of prejudice. It is perfectly legitimate to accept this as given and to study why some individuals or groups are more likely to take advantage of this culturally defined object than others.

For Mr. Petersen, the importance of studying the object of prejudice seems to have the following implication: in order to decide whether an individual's hostility toward a particular ethnic group represents prejudice, we must study the group itself; if it turns out that the individual's statements conform with the facts, then the individual cannot be considered prejudiced. Now we agree that the factual accuracy of a given statement is an important datum, but in and of itself it tells us nothing about the presence or absence of prejudice in an individual. The fact that an individual's unfavorable statement about a group happens to be accurate is certainly no proof that he is *unprejudiced,* just as the fact that his statement may be wrong is no proof that he *is* prejudiced. How he arrived at this unfavorable opinion, how he maintains it, how he fits it into his system of beliefs and actions, is the issue.

Let us suppose it is established that a particular ethnic group has a lower average level of intelligence than the rest of the population. To believe that this group is relatively unintelligent would no longer be a sure sign of prejudice. It would not follow, however, that anyone holding this belief is necessarily *not* prejudiced, and that the belief itself is automatically irrelevant to any "diagnosis" of prejudice. We would want to find out what the psychological processes are which underlie this belief, accurate though it may be, for a given individual. Did he actually take the known facts into account in arriving at his opinion? Is he able to entertain various interpretations of this fact? Is he at all open to contrary facts, or is he only open to facts that confirm this belief? Does he use these facts as a basis for advocating discriminatory actions against the group? Does he show awareness of the fact that *individual* members of the group may be found along the whole range of intelligence, even though the average for the group as a whole is relatively low? It is on the basis of answers to such questions that we would decide how prejudiced the individual is, regardless of how accurate his facts may happen to be.

Conversely, if it is established as a fact that there is no difference in intelligence between the particular group and the majority of the population, this would not mean that every individual who believed there was a difference must *ipso facto* be considered prejudiced. He may have tried conscientiously to obtain the facts, but have been exposed to the wrong information or misinterpreted what he heard. He may thus hold an unfavorable opinion which is out of keeping with the facts, and yet we would not consider him prejudiced in view of the process by which he arrived at this opinion and the way in which it functioned for him. Presumably, this individual would abandon his unfavorable opinion once exposed to the true facts or to the proper interpretation of these facts.

To fail to understand this distinction is to miss the most elementary assumption of a psychological analysis of prejudice. Questions about the source and function of an individual's prejudiced attitudes cannot be answered just by studying the facts about the object of prejudice. This is not to say that the study of the object is unimportant, but that we are asking a different set of questions when we want to find out what makes a particular individual prejudiced.

MR. PETERSEN implies that we should never call an individual prejudiced if his facts happen to be right. He does not, however, seem particularly interested in making this point with regard to ethnic prejudice, since he agrees that the facts rarely, if ever, warrant a generalized hostility toward an ethnic group. It is only when he applies his general reasoning about ethnic prejudice to anti-Communism that this point emerges explicitly. Apparently, the defense of the anti-Communist is a key point in Mr. Petersen's article, as evidenced by the space devoted to it and by the featuring of it in his summary statement at the end.

Mr. Petersen pleads for the need to distinguish between ethnic minorities and other minorities, such as the Communists, and to recognize that being anti-Communist does not

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have the same meaning as being anti-Negro. We doubt if there is any competent social scientist in the United States who does not agree with this distinction. He himself seems to recognize its triviality when he says: "In an area less dominated by sentimentality and confusion than the analysis of ethnic relations, it would be no contribution to point out that to fight discrimination against Negroes, to disagree with Catholics about the moral legitimacy of birth control, and to abhor and oppose Communism, are not inconsistent attitudes simply because all three are 'minority' groups." We would modify his statement only this far: even in the area of ethnic relations—which is probably not as sentimental and certainly not as confused as Mr. Petersen thinks—it is no contribution to point this out. We ourselves, and most of our professional colleagues—many of whom are students of ethnic relations—subscribe to these three positions and do not find them inconsistent.

But Mr. Petersen goes on to say that "to understand why a man is anti-Communist it is necessary first to look not into his mind but at Soviet society." This statement is absurd. To understand why a man is anti-Communist, we *must* "look into his mind"; there is no other place to look. Of course, it makes little sense to "look into his mind" without taking full account of the reality situation within which his attitudes have developed and are functioning. Admittedly, this mistake is sometimes made in psychological, particularly in psychoanalytic, analyses of attitudes toward social and political issues. That is, it is sometimes assumed implicitly (though rarely explicitly) that one can make sense of an individual's beliefs purely in terms of his internal dynamics, without reference to the external reality within which these beliefs operate. But one can be critical of such singleminded approaches without adopting the impossible position that to understand an individual's attitudes one need only look at the object of his attitudes.

When one "looks into the mind" of an anti-Communist, there are many things one might find. Many anti-Communists could not be considered "prejudiced" by any definition of the term. These are people whose anti-Communism is rational. It is based on a thorough knowledge and examination of the facts about Communism, and it derives from a well-integrated system of values. On the other hand, we may find that there are some people whose anti-Communism is irrational and deserves the label "prejudiced" in the sense of Mr. Petersen's own definition of the term. This would include people whose anti-Communism derives primarily from personal needs which they "externalize" and project onto a political object. For these people, anti-Communism is certainly not based on a careful examination of the facts and is not rooted in a rational system of values. While some of their opinions may be justified by the facts about Soviet society, one can hardly say that it is these facts which led to the formation of their attitudes and which govern the way in which their anti-Communism maintains and expresses itself.

THERE is another group of people for whom anti-Communism does not have the same personal meaning, but whose anti-Communism also has an incomplete and inadequate factual base. These are the people whose anti-Communism is largely a matter of social conformity and whose information about Communism and the Soviet Union comes from a haphazard exposure to the mass media. There are "anti-Communists" who have not the slightest idea what a Communist is, as evidenced by the survey conducted by the Madison *Capital Times* a few years ago.* There are many good citizens who respond to what they conceive as the Communist threat by favoring the suppression of all nonconformist views.† Their anti-Communism is not rooted in the facts. They do not know the truth about Soviet society. They are anti-Communists for the wrong reasons.

No amount of knowledge about Soviet society will help us understand these two types of irrational anti-Communists. Nor does it follow, simply from the realities of Soviet society, that these men should not be labeled "prejudiced," if anyone is interested in labeling at all.

Mr. Petersen's objection to psychological analysis is apparently based on the mistaken notion that to inquire into the motivations of a man's beliefs and into their relationship to his personality is the equivalent of calling these beliefs irrational and unfounded in reality. This notion derives from a distorted view of psychological analysis. To illustrate our point, we should like to cite the detailed psychological analysis of attitudes toward Russia held by ten

*"What is a Communist?" *The Progressive* (April 1953).

†S. A. Stouffer, *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties* (Doubleday, 1955).

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individuals which M. B. Smith, J. S. Bruner, and R. W. White make in *Opinions and Personality*. The authors distinguish three general functions that opinions can fulfill in an individual's personality: *object appraisal,* or the function of opinions in helping an individual organize and make sense out of his environment; *social adjustment,* or the function of opinions in helping an individual to establish and maintain ties with groups that are important to him; and *externalization,* or the function of opinions in reflecting a person's inner conflicts and indirect ways of resolving these conflicts. It is the last function, externalization, which is most frequently referred to in discussions of prejudice that emphasize the role of projection and scapegoating. The study of Smith *et al.* shows the different meanings that their opinions toward Russia can have for different individuals, the different ways in which their opinions can be related to their over-all personalities, and the different functions and combinations of functions they can fulfill.

A central part of the analysis of each case is an examination of the role of information in the development of opinions—and of the informational context within which the opinions are held. This study in no way fits the trend that Mr. Petersen claims to have discerned. Not for a moment does it assume that an unfavorable attitude represents a prejudgment, or a displacement, or anything of the sort. The authors recognize the possibility that these attitudes may be, to quote Mr. Petersen, "the end product of a conscientious effort to arrive at the truth." At the same time, however, they do not beg the psychological question as Mr. Petersen does; they do not conclude that just because the attitudes may be rational, there is no longer a need to try to understand the meaning and function they have for the individual under investigation. The study is clearly a psychological one. It does not pretend to explain the nature of Communism, or of Soviet society, or of East-West relations. Yet it does take into account the factual context, insofar as it is relevant to the understanding of an individual's opinions about the Soviet Union.

THERE is an additional reason, however, for our wishing to reply to Mr. Petersen. Upon the shaky superstructure that we have been describing, Mr. Petersen apparently bases the fantastic innuendo that social scientists, particularly psychologists specializing in the study of prejudice, are soft on Communism. One wonders if the essential purpose of Mr. Petersen's critique was to put across the message that anti-Communists are not sick, and that anyone who tries to analyze their motivations in psychological terms is more likely than not a Communist sympathizer. "In a very large proportion of recent writing" on the subject of prejudice, writes Mr. Petersen, the distinctions between discrimination against Negroes, disagreement with Catholics, and abhorrence of Communism "have been passed over, either explicitly or by drawing our attention elsewhere." How has this been accomplished? One way, according to Mr. Petersen, has been to concentrate on the prejudiced person and his irrational mental processes, thus making it unnecessary to explore the object of the prejudice. "This emphasis, of course, has been in part a reflection of the professional interests of psychologists, *but it is remarkable, too, how much it has overlapped with a tolerance of Soviet totalitarianism. From the point of view of Communists and their sympathizers,* it has been very convenient to analyze, say, anti-Semitism and anti-Communism—though not usually anti-Catholicism—as analogous expressions of a sick mind" (our italics). Mr. Petersen does not specify whether the emphasis on the prejudiced individual is part of a deliberate conspiracy of Communist sympathizers, or just part of a syndrome which includes tolerance of Soviet totalitarianism.

Mr. Petersen cites only one reference which is even remotely related to his claim that there is a tendency to equate prejudice with anti-Communism. This is a transcript of a discussion held by a group of social scientists and others in 1947, in which, among other things, hostility toward Russia was examined in terms of the scapegoat mechanism.* The participants suggested the possibility that attitudes toward Russia might reflect some displaced hostility, and explored the implications of this possibility. Nowhere did they imply that scapegoating was the *only* reason for hostility toward Russia, even though they did not feel the need to put such a disclaimer explicitly into the record. This was, after all, an oral discussion which naturally would not contain the usual caveats

*Cambridge Group Discussion, *Journal of Social Issues* (Winter 1948).

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and qualifications which one expects to find in written documents. To Mr. Petersen, however, anyone who engages in such a discussion without proclaiming loudly the belief that hostility toward Russia is completely justified and noble is immediately suspect.

One of the participants in the discussion, whom Mr. Petersen quotes, was Gordon Allport. If Mr. Petersen were to look at Allport's book, to which we have already referred, he would find a clear distinction drawn between the use of "Reds" as scapegoats and the use of minority groups as scapegoats. The main distinction is in terms of the existence of a factual and realistic conflict. "When a conflict is entirely realistic," Allport says, quite unambiguously, "we can speak neither of prejudice nor of scapegoating." Of course, Allport and others, as we have already indicated, assume that *some* of the mechanisms underlying anti-Communism in *some* individuals can be similar to some of the mechanisms underlying ethnic prejudice. The comparison is based on the structure of the man's opinions and not at all on their specific content. Indeed, recent writers have shown that in some cases the mechanisms underlying a *pro*-Communist ideology may be similar to the mechanisms underlying ethnic prejudice.*

As for the remarkable overlap between the psychological analysis of prejudice and the tolerance of Soviet totalitarianism that Mr. Petersen has observed, there is not even an attempt to document it. Mr. Petersen drags in by the heels two references in which the writers comment favorably on the Soviet government's policy toward ethnic minorities. One is to a chapter written by a sociologist, now deceased, and published in 1945. The other is to a pamphlet written by two anthropologists, one of whom is now deceased, and published in 1943. We leave it to the reader to judge the relevance of these references to the claim that *current* trends in *psychological* research on prejudice reflect a tolerance for Communism.

If we leave aside the "technicality" that the writers to whom Mr. Petersen refers are not psychologists, and that the whole pseudo-logic of his argument thus collapses, and look at his evidence, what do we find? To Mr. Petersen, a favorable evaluation in 1943 or 1945 of the Soviet policy toward its minorities is proof positive of a tolerance for Soviet totalitarianism in all of its ramifications. "For persons interested in combating ethnic prejudice," he writes, "the clear implication of the alleged lack of it in the Soviet Union was that our tolerance must be extended to include both that enlightened regime and its American representatives." This is not only a non sequitur, but also a very dangerous doctrine. Whatever the political leanings of the authors whom Mr. Petersen cites, the fact that they expressed themselves favorably about the Soviet policy toward minorities in 1943 and 1945 is not in itself evidence of Communist sympathies. During those years the belief that the Soviet Union had an enlightened and successful program for its minorities was widely held. It was not at all restricted to social scientists, nor to Communist sympathizers. To be sure, the facts about the Soviet treatment of minorities were already available at the time in Russian language sources. But it was not until several years later that these facts became generally known. Now Mr. Petersen could perhaps accuse these authors of poor scholarship. But can he accuse them of a "tolerance of Soviet totalitarianism" simply because they accepted a widely held belief which presented a favorable picture of Soviet policy and which happened, subsequently, to be proven false? We believe that such an accusation has ominous implications for those who value free inquiry.

William Petersen I find no intellectual pleasure in replying to Messrs. Kelman's and Pettigrew's rather impassioned critique. But the subject is an important one, and I am concerned lest even some of COMMENTARY's regular readers, because my article was published so long ago, confuse my critics' presentation of my argument with what I actually wrote.

On one point after another in my article, I deliberately limited the scope of the argument. And on one point after another, Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew ignore these limitations, in order to set up a straw man and knock him down. Before discussing their substantive criticisms, it will be well to dispose of these—shall we call them terminological?—disputes.

1. They quote correctly one sentence from my article—"To understand why a man is anti-Communist it is necessary first to look not

*M. Rokeach, "Political and Religious Dogmatism: an Alternative to the Authoritarian Personality," *Psychological Monographs*, 70:18 (1956).

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into his mind but at Soviet society"—and then proceed to berate me as though the sentence did not contain the word "first."

2. Both in the title of the article itself and again in the text, I made it clear that I was criticizing "some" recent discussions of prejudice. I did not speak, as my critics do, of "a massive abandonment of the original definition of prejudice"; I certainly knew that a number of the analysts of prejudice, some of whom they cite, were not subject to my strictures. Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew were correct, however, in asking why I had failed to mention Professor Allport's *The Nature of Prejudice*. Since I quoted a minor silliness of his from a discussion in which he participated, courtesy demanded that I balance this with a reference to his much more significant and generally excellent work. I am happy to make amends here, and freely acknowledge that I have learned much from reading *The Nature of Prejudice*.

3. The title of my article spoke, moreover, of some "recent" formulations, and the precise meaning of "recent" might not have been clear to the reader. On the first page of the article, therefore, I indicated what I meant, by contrasting the earlier limitation of studies of intergroup relations to "racial and ethnic minorities" with their later extension to "minorities defined by religious, cultural, occupational, or political criteria." The former tradition culminated, I would say, in Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, and the period since its publication (1944) is roughly the one I mean by "recent." If I had intended to limit myself to books and articles published within the past year or two, I would have designated them as "current." I did not, but Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew introduce the word into their paraphrase of what I wrote and even italicize it.

4. My objection to a psychological analysis of prejudice, according to my two critics, "is apparently based on the mistaken notion that to inquire into the motivations of a man's beliefs and into their relationship to his personality is the equivalent of calling these beliefs irrational and unfounded in reality." If they got nothing else from my article, I might have hoped they would understand that it was about prejudices, not about beliefs in general. They might perhaps even have understood that I objected to a psychological analysis of prejudice, not because it leads to the conclusion that beliefs are irrational and unfounded in reality, but on the contrary because it tends to set aside the question of the rationality or irrationality of beliefs altogether, because too often it has no interest in comparing beliefs with reality.

My critics state that "no current authorities now advocate a strictly psychological approach." This is preposterous. When I pointed to a significant tendency to disregard the factual context of prejudice and to concentrate on the allegedly prejudiced person's psyche, I documented my allegation with a number of examples; Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew ignore most of them. To repeat: in such an authoritative (and "current") work as the *Handbook of Social Psychology*, prejudice is defined as "simply an unfavorable ethnic attitude." To repeat: in neither the one analysis of stereotypes I cited, nor (so far as I know) any other of this numerous class of studies, is there ever a thought that it would be relevant to relate individuals' ideas about various peoples to the actual characteristics of these peoples.

To repeat: Newcomb's widely used text in social psychology defines *prejudice* as "a predisposition to perceive, act, think, and feel in ways that are 'against' rather than 'for' another person or group." This definition, Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew assert, does not mean what it very clearly says, for in an introductory sentence—dealing with what he does *not* mean by prejudice—Professor Newcomb happens to use the word "prejudgment." The way to settle this dispute is, as my critics suggest, to see his definition "in full context." In the rest of the chapter Professor Newcomb spells out in some detail what he means by the word *prejudice*, and my statement that he analyzes the concept without regard to the facts concerning ethnic groups is, if anything, an understatement. For he goes much farther. Learning to notice that a person is white or Negro, Jew or Gentile, Chinese or Japanese, he declares, "is one important aspect of acquiring prejudice." "It just does not matter to people who have little or no anti-Semitism whether another person is Jewish or not, and hence they never learn to tell the difference." If we are to believe Professor Newcomb, our recognizing American Jewry as a subculture within American society, or our acquiring some knowledge of the distinctive features of this culture group, is only "learning to be prejudiced." Is there

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anyone concerned with COMMENTARY, whether as editor, writer, or reader, who can plead innocent to the charge of anti-Semitism so drawn?

Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew call *The Authoritarian Personality* "the most important psychological study of prejudice"; the extraordinary number of studies that have imitated it, and the still wider acceptance of both the method used and the results obtained, would certainly seem to justify this estimate of the work. According to my critics, the conception of prejudice as hostility without a factual base is "implicit" in *The Authoritarian Personality;* in the study itself, however, the social and historical background of prejudice is *explicitly* omitted: "Historical factors or economic forces operating in our society to promote or to diminish ethnic prejudices are clearly beyond the scope of our investigation." This sentence was quoted in my article. The central hypothesis investigated by the authors of *The Authoritarian Personality* pertains only to psychological variables: "that the political, economic, and social convictions of an individual often form a broad and coherent pattern, as if bound together by a 'mentality' or 'spirit,' and that this pattern is an expression of deep-lying trends in his personality." The social context of prejudice is ignored in this very first premise. Before one invoked psychological, even psychoanalytic, theory ("deep-lying trends"), it would seem reasonable to look at the configurations of values and attitudes to be found in social groups.

THE difference in approach can be illustrated by a recent article on authoritarianism written by a sociologist. Professor S. M. Lipset has collected a good deal of empirical evidence to show that members of the working class are more disposed than the middle class to support authoritarian political parties or religious sects, and to display ethnic prejudices and antidemocratic attitudes generally. He ascribes such behavior, however, not to a "personality type" but to "the typical social situation of lower-class persons"—namely, "low education, low participation in political organizations or in voluntary organizations of any type, little reading, isolated occupations, economic insecurity, and authoritarian family patterns."*

*"Democracy and Working-Class Authoritarianism," *American Sociological Review* 24:4 (August 1959).

In *The Authoritarian Personality* the term *prejudice* is rejected as too narrow; for it the authors substitute *ethnocentrism.* But note that both are defined wholly in psychological terms: "Prejudice is commonly regarded as a feeling of dislike against a specific group; ethnocentrism, on the other hand, refers to a relatively consistent frame of mind concerning 'aliens' generally. . . . Ethnocentrism . . . has to do not only with numerous groups toward which the individual has hostile opinions and attitudes but, equally important, with groups toward which he is positively disposed."

The indifference to the factual context of prejudice indicated in these general introductory remarks continues throughout the work. Take, for instance, the important "Anti-Semitism Scale." This consists of a large number of statements about Jews with which the respondent is required to express agreement or disagreement. All are weighted equally in the scoring, even though they vary widely in their content and implications. At one extreme we find paraphrases of the Nazi program: "The Jewish problem is so general and deep that one often doubts that democratic methods can ever solve it." At the other extreme there are statements to the effect that in various senses the Jews are and should remain a separate group, assertions that no rabbi or Jewish nationalist would find objectionable: for instance, "It is wrong for Jews and Gentiles to intermarry." In between is a mishmash of more or less dubious, more or less valid, allegations concerning the Jews. Most sociologists would agree, for example, that compared with other components of Western populations the Jews are probably the most "alienated" (as Marx used this word), the most restless, what Koestler called the most urban. In such a statement as the following, are we to respond to the iota of this truth that it contains, or to the hostile and obnoxious attitude conveyed by the phrasing: "One big trouble with Jews is that they are never contented, but always try for the best jobs and the most money"?

The authors of *The Authoritarian Personality* might answer to such a criticism of the confusion in their anti-Semitism scale by saying that the anti-Semite, typically, is confused and illogical. True; but my point is that they have imitated this confusion; and they have done so, moreover, partly because they concentrated their analysis on the personality of the anti-Semite, rather than going on and also

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studying anti-Semitism as a social phenomenon.

The contrast made between "authoritarian" and "democratic" personalities is worth looking at in another context. Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew quote, with vehement italicization, my statement that an emphasis on the psyche in studies of prejudice has often overlapped with a tolerance of Soviet totalitarianism. As I wrote, "from the point of view of Communists and their sympathizers, it has been very convenient to analyze, say, anti-Semitism and anti-Communism . . . as analogous expressions of a sick mind." At least implicitly, to use a favorite word of my critics, this is one main theme of *The Authoritarian Personality*. The "democratic" respondents were chosen in large part from the membership of a Communist-controlled trade union and the student body of a Communist-influenced school, as well as from various national groups that in California had a sizable Communist infiltration. The political views of these respondents, in other words, fitted in with the ideology of the Popular Front: the Soviet Union is a member of the democratic, anti-fascist camp, and indeed is the most democratic among its components.

The study also reflects the Soviet myth that fascism is extreme conservatism (rather than the no less radical twin of Communism). Thus, in the words of the study, "conservatives are, on the average, significantly more ethnocentric than liberals are. The more conservative an individual is, the greater the likelihood that he is ethnocentric." The "proof" offered to support this assertion is so dubious that one can explain the general assent it has won only by assuming that many people accept the implicit political framework of the analysis. The additional documentation demanded by Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew for my statement about the tendency to treat anti-Semitism and anti-Communism as analogous phenomena can be furnished, in fact, by referring to this single massive work, with its widespread influence.

I DOUBT, however, whether my critics will be satisfied with either this or any other documentation, judging from their comments on the examples I already gave to illustrate my point. The report of the Cambridge Group Discussion that I cited, for instance, perhaps did not "contain the usual caveats and qualifications which one expects to find in written documents"; but if the point of view of any of the discussants was seriously misrepresented in the subsequent *published* report, he was certainly able—indeed, as a responsible scholar, he was obliged—to call this fact to the readers' attention in the journal's next issue. No one did so. Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew write that "nowhere did [the participants] imply that scapegoating was the *only* reason for hostility toward Russia." This is simply not so. It was explicitly stated that hostility toward Russia had nothing to do with the conditions in the Soviet Union; the subject of the discussion was: "Is our [hostile] attitude toward Russia based on deliberately falsified information, or misinterpretations?" These professional social scientists, as late as 1947, were so ignorant of the infamies perpetrated by the Soviet dictatorship that they excluded, even as one possibility among others, that hostility toward that regime might be based on accurate information correctly interpreted.

I am not sure what points Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew want to make in their long paragraph about *Opinion and Personality*. This study collected detailed data from ten persons about the opinions they held on Russia, as well as various items concerning the respondents' family background, education, working conditions, personality, and so on; and an attempt was made to see what relation there was between the respondents' opinions and these other factors. Some of the opinions about Russia were factually correct, others were not; but for the authors this was not an important difference. In general, the validity of beliefs is irrelevant to a psychological analysis of them—irrelevant, that is, to an analysis of the process by which opinions and attitudes (including prejudices) become incorporated into the personality. I tried to suggest that this delimitation of interest, while understandable in professional terms, is in a broader context something of a perversion. Might it not be more useful, perhaps even more interesting for themselves, if psychologists made the same distinction that for other people is the crucial one—if they tried to investigate the process by which valid beliefs, as opposed to invalid ones, become incorporated into a person's fund of knowledge?

Opinion and Personality is a book worth reading, but in my view it fails just because of this attempt to analyze a political subject in, as it were, a political vacuum. Of course, the authors could not keep the vacuum absolute,

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and their difficulties were aggravated by their own apparent reappraisal of the Soviet regime. The interviews were taken in 1947; the book was published in 1956. According to various hints that the authors throw out, they underwent a considerable change of attitude toward Soviet society during this interval; we can recall that the single year 1948 saw the Communist seizure of power in Czechoslovakia, the Berlin blockade, and Tito's revolt against Moscow. For themselves, if not for their readers, the authors apparently found it necessary to have some idea of the truth about the Soviet Union; and so long as this was in flux for them, they found it difficult, even in a psychological framework, to analyze opinions about it.

MY COMMENTS on the analysis of anti-Communism as a prejudice, Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew charge, have "ominous implications for those who value free inquiry." This is a serious allegation; I am sorry that they did not see fit to develop it further. They do not accuse me of misquoting anyone, but rather of quoting verbal rather than written statements, of citing material from some immemorial past, ten or even twelve years ago. Nothing that happened in that period, when many social scientists carefully guarded their ignorance of the less positive aspects of Soviet society, is supposedly pertinent to any discussion today. Even to recall such cases would seem to be almost a breach of civil liberties. Such an attitude recalls one commonly found today in West Germany, where many valiantly try to forget the whole of the Nazi period as an unpleasant interlude, irrelevant to today's tasks.

I think, on the contrary, that during the 1930's and up to about 1948, a significant percentage of America's social scientists (as well as other intellectuals) were either insufficiently aware of the dangers of Soviet totalitarianism or indeed were fellow-travelers; and that it is both right and necessary to rub our collective noses in this unpleasant fact from time to time. This is useful, first of all, because we are not yet entirely out of the woods. When Gene Weltfish stated some years ago on her professional authority as a anthropologist that the United Nations forces in Korea were using bacteriological weapons, Columbia University had enough and failed to reappoint her; but to this day the pamphlet on races that she coauthored, which I cited in my article, is probably the most widely used reading on this subject in America's high schools and even colleges. Or, to cite another example, there is a new trend among some Sovietologists to blur the important differences between a democracy and a totalitarian state and to interpret the United States and the Soviet Union as essentially similar instances of "large-scale industrial society."*

Even if there were no such current examples to cite, it would still be useful to remember occasionally the inanities of the Popular Front. As social scientists, most of us are teachers; and one useful pedagogic device is to recall our past errors and try to keep our students from repeating them. Moreover, is not a complex view of the world, which is able to see how well-meaning liberals were led to tolerate and even connive at the infamies of a ruthless dictatorship, more in accord with psychological reality than a view which sees people lined up either as "authoritarian personalities" or "democratic personalities"—an opposition as simplistic and mechanical as "good guys" and "bad guys"?

Messrs. Kelman and Pettigrew touch on a large number of points, which I have tried to answer. But they pass over the heart of my article. In the analysis of prejudice, I maintained, one must distinguish such a group as American Negroes from groups defined by religious, cultural, occupational, or political criteria. The Negroes want nothing that is not guaranteed them by the American credo; they want the same opportunities and rights that the rest of the population enjoy. They are different only in superficial aspects (e.g., skin color) or in ways that are a direct consequence of prejudice and discrimination (e.g., poorer education). Other groups are different in significant cultural attributes, want to maintain these differences, and sometimes want to impose their values on the rest of society. The moral flabbiness of present-day America—the shift, in David Riesman's terms, from a typically "inner-directed" to a typically "other-directed" personality—has also been reflected in some analyses of the nature of prejudice.

*See, for example, Alex Inkeles and Raymond A. Bauer, *The Soviet Citizen: Daily Life in a Totalitarian Society*, Harvard University Press, 1959.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Macdonald's Case

To the Editor of Commentary:

A little of the old steam
A little of the bold steam—
That's what will keep the kramer[1] from the door.

You can snarl at second-rate books,
Find the fraud in all those Great Books,
Twist the tail of Adler, Mortimer J.[2]

You can polemize with Trotsky,[3]
Show the Bible's gone to potsky,[4]
Colin Wilson's epidermis you can flay.[5]

You can judge the Ford Foundation,[6]
Discourse on cinematization,
With instances from Griffiths to today.[7]

But—
A little of the old steam,
A little of the bold steam,
Or Hilton Kramer's baying at the door.

And—
It don't count (no it don't count)
If it's in that strictly no count
That provincial adolescent schizophrenic deliquescent
Languid effete and congenitally non-effervescent[8]
Rag—and I don't mean Commentary.

1. According to Miss Florabel Spurgeon's *Myth and Ritual in the Black Forest* (Chatto & Windo, 1905), those woodcutters who had not chopped down their quota of Established Reputations were visited at night by a "kramer," a small rodent-like creature which nibbled at their toes, until they got back to work.

2. "The Book-of-the-Millennium Club," *New Yorker,* Nov. 29, 1952.

3. "Varieties of Political Experience," *New Yorker,* March 28, 1959.

4. "The Bible in Modern Undress," *New Yorker,* Nov. 14, 1953.

5. See "Reader's Indigestion," *New Yorker,* Oct. 13, 1956, in which I performed for *The Outsider* much the same service I later did for another best-seller in Commentary.

6. See *New Yorker,* Nov. 26-Dec. 17, 1955.

7. "The Lost Art," *New Yorker,* March 15, 1958.

8. The adjectives are mostly authentic kramerisms. In my intellectual retirement, I like to compare the holiday doodlings of mine listed above with the kramer's apodictic sentence on the *New Yorker*'s treatment of art & letters: "Yet, behind this air of relaxation, one could not help detecting the terrifying relentlessness with which a serious subject—and a subject, moreover, in which the writer's vital personal response counts for a great deal—had been parodied, trimmed, ridiculed, and finally made boring and absurd by the author's attempt to make it seem completely effortless, utterly common-sensical, and open to the most easygoing attention" (wow).

Dwight Macdonald

New York City

Sources for Judaism

To the Editor of Commentary:

Rabbi Jakob Petuchowski concludes his article "Paul and Jewish Theology" (September) that "here Paul's stress on 'faith' becomes relevant to the modern Jew. . . . This faith comes *before* the carrying out of the commandments." May I remind him of the *Mishnah* in *Berakhot* (2.2): Why is the chapter "Shema" (which speaks of Israel's faith in the one God) recited before the chapter "Vehaya in Shamoa" (which speaks of hearkening to the commandments)? In order that one should first accept upon himself the yoke of the kingdom of heaven, and then accept upon himself the yoke of the commandments.

One wonders how long teachers of Reform Judaism will persist in seeking inspiration and teaching from Christian sources, when it is available in more apposite terms from authentic Jewish sources.

[Rabbi] Mendell Lewittes

Montreal, Canada

Dr. Petuchowski *writes:*

I am indebted to Rabbi Lewittes for reminding me of the *Mishnah* in *Berakhot.* He might also have mentioned the *Mekilta's* introduction to the Decalogue, where God is made

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to say to Israel: "Now that you have accepted My kingdom in love, accept also My decrees." Yet the Rabbi . . . surely has failed to appreciate the nature of my article: that I was writing a *review* article, based on a recent book by Hans Joachim Schoeps. Whether Rabbi Lewittes—or I—would look to Paul for religious enlightenment or not, the fact remains that Schoeps makes this point about Paul; and it was this reviewer's task to make mention of that fact. Still, Rabbi Lewittes's letter, and its tone, would tend to substantiate Schoeps's argument that Paul does indeed present a "challenge" to the modern Jew. I get the impression that Rabbi Lewittes would prefer to do without such challenges coming from the "outside"; that is a matter of taste and of orientation. The fact remains that the majority of Jews living in the Western world are not oblivious to non-Jewish influences and challenges; and, if the latter can be the starting point of making the Jew look into his own traditional sources, so much the bettter!

Taxes: Evasion & Avoidance

To the Editor of Commentary:

"How Progressive is Our Tax System?" by Robert J. Lampman (September) discusses a most important issue. . . . "Limiting the share of the rich and increasing the share of the poor and the middle income group" . . . sounds idealistic, but history has shown that when taxation reaches almost confiscatory levels the inevitable aftermath is a lower standard of living for the have-nots, rather than an improvement. . . . [Our] capitalist system depends on incentives, profits, and savings; I wonder, if we had a more progressive tax system, where the $20,000 of investment per steel worker would come from. Professor Lampman frequently refers to the relatively small percentage of the affluent; but one per cent of our population is still 1,750,000 souls, probably 1,000,000 of them adults, who are the entrepreneurs and the chief suppliers of the risk capital that makes our economy great. . . .

During the war, many advocated restricting personal incomes to a maximum of $25,000. The plan was abandoned when it was discovered that such additional income would not cover the expenses of running the war for one day. If now the rates of lower-income families were substantially reduced or personal exemptions increased, where would we get the $80 billion needed for our annual national budget? . . . If the exemption was raised merely from $600 to $800, the loss of revenue would amount to several billion dollars. . . .

Professor Lampman argues that income taxes are not progressive enough. Let us examine the status of an affluent taxpayer in 1939 versus 1958. With a taxable income in 1939 of $50,000, he paid a tax of $10,000 and had $40,000 left. What was the situation of the same individual in 1958, even assuming that his taxable income had doubled to $100,000? If he was eligible to file a joint return, his tax would be $54,000 and he would have $46,000 left. . . . [But] he would now need, in terms of purchasing power, $80,000 to equal his $40,000 in 1939. To receive a net of $80,000 today, he would need a taxable income of $340,000 and would be in a 90 per cent tax bracket. . . .

I see no need to close so-called "loopholes" . . . . Would Professor Lampman eliminate the tax benefits of millions of home owners, whose interest and real estate tax payments are tax-deductible? Would he deny the head of family tax assistance in meeting extraordinary medical and dental expenses, bearing in mind that such tax assistance is given only on such expenses in excess of 3 per cent of his adjusted gross income? Would he eliminate as deductible items other taxes paid, including state income taxes? Would he eliminate, as a deduction, contributions made to religious and educational institutions, voluntary hospitals, etc.—or would he prefer to have most of these institutions supported directly by the federal government?

He does mention, as a means of avoiding a tax, dividends on stock, capital gains, and interest on tax-exempt bonds. Cash dividends on stock now have a 4 per cent tax credit, because the earnings of the corporation were already subject, before the dividend was paid, to a 52 per cent corporate tax. As for capital gains, many economists believe that if they are long-term, they are not income at all. . . . Even when the Labor party was in power in the United Kingdom, it did not advocate a capital-gains tax such as we have. As for taxing the interest on tax-exempt bonds, [this] would penalize every local and state government in the United States by reason of a very substantial increase in borrowing costs.

On the expense-account scandal, I agree with Professor Lampman. It is a disgrace, and a problem of better enforcement. . . . Several other very serious tax evasions . . . are not mentioned at all in his article. There are probably several billions of unreported earned income, primarily from cash transactions and especially those for personal services rendered by individuals. . . . Undersecretary of the Treasury Fred A. Scribner, Jr. reported that a Treasury examination of 1956 income tax returns discovered that taxpayers had failed to report almost $4,500,000,000 of interest and dividends re-

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ceived during the year. . . .

Tax evasion, by all taxpayers, is a much more serious problem than the author pictures it. Perhaps, if the three sources of tax evasion I have mentioned were closed, it would amount to as much revenue as would be gained by closing many of the so-called loopholes, most of which it would be economically unsound to change.

HARRY SAHLMAN

New York City

PROFESSOR LAMPMAN *writes:*

Mr. Sahlman offers a tax reform program with two main points: (1) don't soak the rich any harder than we now are doing, and (2) stop tax *evasion*, but preserve the present means of tax *avoidance*.

As to the first point let me urge again, as I did in my article, that data concerning nominal tax rates, as they are applied to hypothetical cases, are inadequate as a basis for making a judgment about how hard we are soaking the rich. There are important differences between total income and income subject to the full range of progressive rates; these alter the typical result very substantially. Further . . . how hard we tax the rich is a relative question, and surely it is relevant to know that no income class pays less than 25 per cent of its total income in taxes.

Concerning his second point, I stand with Mr. Sahlman in being opposed to tax evasion, which is generally defined as illegal dodging of a tax liability. In the article I made no mention of tax evasion in the form of under-reporting or mis-reporting or claiming non-existent grounds for reduction of taxes. There was reference to perfectly legal ways of minimizing tax liability. Ignoring evasion was deliberate; it has no clear connection with the theme of the article, which was the progressiveness of the over-all tax system. I would agree with Mr. Sahlman that evasion is a problem at all income levels.

With regard to the avoidance opportunities or so-called "loop-holes," Mr. Sahlman does well to point out that there is a plausible rationale for each of them. Indeed, we can develop plausible-sounding reasons for deducting or excluding or exempting a great deal more income than we now do. The problem becomes one, then, of how far Congress wants to go in reducing the tax base for the purpose of subsidizing local governments, non-profit organizations, oil exploration, and so on. Often one of the consequences of thus reducing the tax base is substantial loss of progressiveness in the income tax, and greater reliance upon regressive tax forms.

Lowly Chronology

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I add a footnote to David Daiches's excellent article ("The Dangers of Literacy," October)?

The passage he quotes indignantly from Sir Harold Nicolson after Barzun's *House of Intellect* is even more "monstrous as history" than he supposes: "The Emperor Frederick II was wont to sneer at King René of Sicily for his addiction to the arts, obliging that monarch to indulge his gift for painting in the privacy of his own closet." It also sins against that low, elementary, and exact part of the discipline of history called chronology. Frederick II lived from 1194 to 1250 and René over two hundred years later, from 1409 to 1480. It is as if one said that Louis XV despised President Eisenhower for using the brush, forcing the shamed President to paint in private.

MEYER SCHAPIRO

New York City

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Although the article "Greenwich Village Challenges Tammany" by Dan Wakefield (October) correctly states that women "are relegated to a kind of ladies auxiliary" in De Sapio's Tamawa Club, it mistakenly makes me a former participant in these "bean-supper-serving" activities. The fact is that I never belonged to Tamawa in any capacity, nor did I even contemplate the possibility of membership. What's more, I have never even set foot in their clubhouse. Quite the contrary. I joined the Village Stevenson Committee at its formation meeting early in 1956 and was a captain during that campaign. I then became a charter member of the successor group, the Village Independent Democrats, and have served on its executive committee continuously from the first election.

CAROL GREITZER

New York City

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Russia Woos the Arabs

THE SOVIET UNION AND THE MIDDLE EAST. By WALTER Z. LAQUEUR. Praeger. 366 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by G. E. VON GRUNEBAUM

OF THE many lessons Walter Laqueur's remarkable new book contains, perhaps the most significant is the demonstration that only through the most careful, almost pedantic assembling of details can we perceive the broad lines of political development. Soviet infiltration of the Middle East has been accompanied by innumerable, bewildering, and contradictory statements, all invariably phrased with the arrogance of ideological omniscience. Only by following very closely the declarations by Soviet spokesmen, official and unofficial, over the last forty years, does one begin to grasp the stubborn consistency of their policy.

Mr. Laqueur's knowledge of both the Soviet and the Arab press and pamphlet literature is hardly equalled by any other contemporary writer in the West, and his ability to construct a lucid picture from countless confusing pieces of information is equally unusual. Thus his skills permit the reader to confront directly the whole complex process of Soviet policy making and policy implementation.

The paucity of Soviet source materials and the comparative directness of Arab policies make the actions of the Middle Eastern statesmen easier to understand than those of the Russians, even though Soviet aims have remained constant: Communization of the area and a certain measure of—preferably indirect—control. Unlike the Arabs, however, with their overriding aspiration to "liberation" and unity (undefined terms which may cover anything from a fairly moderate anti-colonialism to an imperialistic vision of an Arab-Moslem empire in Africa), the Russians have frequently been trapped by the rigidity of their own ideological position. For example, the so-called Third Period in Soviet history (1928-34) was sterile from the point of view of Middle Eastern policy, largely because of the hardness of the dogma of those days. The Soviets then denied that the "national bourgeoisies" in the dependent countries of Asia had either the power or the honest wish to gain independence; concomitantly, they insisted that social progress in the East could be secured solely by the action of the industrial proletariat—which in many of the countries concerned was either nonexistent or else primarily responsive to national and religious aspirations, rather than to those of the class struggle.

The growth of Soviet power in World War II, the ideological regearing of international Communism to allow cooperation with Asian and African nationalisms, and the (at least temporary) recognition of the "progressive" role of the national bourgeoisies, were indispensable preconditions to what Laqueur calls "the Great Breakthrough" of the Soviets in the Middle East. In his view, the breakthrough was consummated by the arms deal between Egypt and Russia (acting through Czechoslovakia) in 1955. It was immediately followed, by the way, by a sudden resurgence of Oriental and especially of contemporary Islamic studies at Soviet institutions of higher learning.

The ideological position which proved so successful in the late 1950's had been represented in the Communist party as early as the 1920's. Moslem Communists of Central Asian origin, of whom Sultan Galiev (liquidated in the 30's) is perhaps the best known, showed an amazing awareness of the "revolutionary potential" of Asia and of the class structure of its major countries, and also had considerable insight into the modifications which Asian realities seemed to impose on the doctrines Marx and Lenin had conceived in Europe. But to Moscow the implications of such doctrinal changes appeared dangerous from a domestic point of view, and it rejected the proposed "Eastern International." The Soviets feared the pan-Islamic, pan-Turanian and other local nationalist associations of many proponents of a specifically Asian Communist doctrine, and felt

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reluctant to encourage potential separatist tendencies among the Turkish-speaking Moslem peoples in their midst.

In the last two decades, however, Islamic orthodoxy has weakened in the USSR and the non-Russian nationalities have been more satisfactorily integrated into the Soviet state; and this has doubtless helped make possible a more flexible Soviet policy toward the Moslem nations. Because the Central Asian Moslems are now convinced of their own advanced economic and political status, as compared with their Middle Eastern co-religionists, they are no longer suspected by Moscow of giving their first loyalty to a Turkish or Iranian universalism, or to Islam conceived as a political community. The almost total absence in the USSR of people of Arab descent, and conversely the striking indifference of the Middle Eastern Arabs to the status of the Islamic religion in the Soviet Union, have further allayed whatever uneasiness the Soviet government may have felt about entering into closer relations with the Arab world.

As LAQUEUR correctly observes: "It is one of the basic facts of international life that the Soviet political, social, and economic system has attracted more sympathizers and imitators in the backward countries than in the more developed ones. It presented a blueprint for the rapid modernization of backward societies, while to those that had already reached a higher stage of development it did not have much to offer. Similarly, Soviet culture has found admirers in the backward, rather than the developed, areas of the world."

The impatience which the Arabs felt toward the Western powers which had dominated them in various ways for the last century reinforced the psychological appeal of the Soviet experience. This psychological appeal should not be confused with ideological identification. The West has lost valuable time persuading itself that Communism and Islam (or Arab nationalism) are incompatible. The fundamental attitudes of an otherworldly religion and of "materialistic" Communism, of the internationalist class consciousness of Marxism-Leninism and the "parochial" nationalism of the Arabs may not blend on the ideological level; but on the level of political action, the conflict becomes somewhat irrelevant, as compared with the considerable short-range advantages to the Arabs of enlisting the support of one of the two principal powers of our day. The vagueness of the theory of Arab nationalism helps blur the latent conflict in the alliance, and Soviet support is hailed as presumably the only available lever for the removal of the remnants of Western political dominance. Even where the policy of a particular government, such as that of Nasser in Egypt, is inspired by a mild version of state capitalism and socialism rather than Communism, the policy seems easier to justify in terms borrowed from the East than by an avowal of those Western theories that may actually be pursued, but whose origin it seems inopportune to admit.

Also, the almost consistent anti-Zionism of the USSR could not but promote pro-Russian sympathies among many Arab nationalists. As early as 1920, the Second Congress of the Comintern adopted a resolution condemning Zionist activities in Palestine. Zionism, it was held, meant "terrible exploitation," and the Jewish proletarians were urged to put an end to it—which of course they did not. The line stiffened in the 30's. The Jewish Section of the Soviet Communist party was entrusted with the fight against Zionism, and Zionism, characterized as a sham attempt "to solve the Jewish question within the confines of capitalist society," was declared on its way out in 1931. Hitler's anti-Semitism was not taken seriously in Moscow; his first anti-Jewish measures had the peculiar effect of making the Soviets intensify their attacks on Zionism.

The short-lived Soviet support for Israel in 1948, coupled with an attack on the United States which "merely pretended" to favor the new state, did not mean any lessening of Soviet hostility to Zionism. Very soon, the USSR was accusing Israel of being "a tool of Wall Street, a reactionary, capitalist country, in which the national minority [i.e. the Arabs] and the 'popular masses' were oppressed and exploited." Occasional turnabouts notwithstanding, the Soviet attitude has been consistently to take the Arabs' side whenever the Arab-Israeli conflict has come before the United Nations.

The reasons are plain. With no vital interests at stake in the area and realizing the natural pro-Western orientation of Israel, the Soviet Union could without risk endorse the Arab position as a convenient means of achieving popularity. On the theoretical level, the most recent Russian book on Israel (Ivanov and Sheinis, *Gosudarstvo Israil*, Moscow,

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1958) furnishes justification of the Soviet position by arguing that the Jewish national movement is "objectively reactionary," that "the Jewish problem can be solved only by assimilation in a Socialist state free of anti-Semitism," and that the Jews simply are not a single nation. (The authority of Mr. Alfred Lilienthal of the American Council for Judaism is invoked to demonstrate this last proposition.)

Mr. Laqueur rightly insists that no single factor can account for the recent Soviet successes in the Arab world—successes which, he stresses, have not been matched in the Turkish and Iranian parts of the Middle East. The combination of a strong nationalism with an extremely hazy domestic program and an (almost inevitable) anti-Western political bias, plus great and at some points almost incurable socio-economic ills, make it appear rather natural that the disillusioned yet activist young Arab intelligentsia should turn to Communism. In the absence of any competing system of interpretation and political reform, the concreteness of Communist-inspired programs becomes very attractive. The skill with which the Russians salvaged Arab national sensibilities by meting out fulsome praise to all and sundry and playing down their own technical superiority should also be mentioned.

Mr. Laqueur is not given to speculations about the future. He confines himself to indicating when a future fissure between the Arab nationalists and their Communist allies may appear. Moscow will support "bourgeois" nationalism as long as it serves as a weapon in the present battle with the West. Should the Arab elites find their way back to the West, or should the Soviet Union lose interest in the success of Arab nationalism, Moscow could permit the local Communist groups in the Middle East free rein in their fight for internal power. The same would presumably hold if the Arabs ever achieved their goal of political unification, and thereupon shifted their attention from foreign to domestic politics. But, of course, who can say within what borders the Arab nationalists would consider their political aspirations realized?

As matters now stand, the Arab world is threatened by the possibility of a reconciliation between Russia and the United States. For any lasting accord between the two powers, which would imply a division of the world into spheres of primary interests, would deprive the Arab statesman of his strongest bargaining point. Meanwhile, with the demographic problem worsening in Egypt and the traditional conflicts between Iraq and Egypt, between the Arabs of the East and those of the West, far from overcome, the emotionalism of an area that has been unnerved by the pressures of time and the unpredictability of great power policies, becomes as understandable as the readiness of the leaders and the intelligentsia to take political chances whose possible consequences they are careful not to avow even to themselves.

Hitler's Chosen Heir

MEMOIRS: TEN YEARS AND TWENTY DAYS. By KARL DOENITZ. World. 500 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE career of Grand Admiral Doenitz was unique in Germany. A serving commander, he nevertheless rose consistently in Hitler's favor. Beginning the war as a naval captain, in command of the German submarine force, he showed himself a brilliant strategist, as effective in inspiring his men as in using his ships. The success of the German U-Boat campaign was unquestionable, up to May 1943. In the year 1942 it looked, sometimes, as if Britain would really be strangled by the constant sinkings. "The only thing that ever really frightened me during the war," wrote Winston Churchill, "was the U-boat peril." No wonder Hitler was grateful.

But it was not only success that recommended Doenitz. After all, Hitler's armies and his air force were also successful up to 1943, but their commanders fared very differently from Doenitz. Rommel was murdered, Goering deposed. Even failure could not halt the rise of Doenitz. In January 1943 Grand Admiral Raeder resigned over Hitler's insistence on scrapping his capital ships. Doenitz stepped up into his place, and although he soon found that Raeder had been right, never quarreled with Hitler. He was, as he now writes, "lucky enough to gain Hitler's confidence in service matters." In July 1944, when the leaders of the army revolted against Hitler, Doenitz was horrified and immediately, in a broadcast to the navy, expressed his "unequivocal disapproval of the attempted coup." And in April

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1945, on the eve of his suicide, when even his closest Nazi party followers had "betrayed" him, Hitler, by his last act, appointed as his successor the only officer whom he still trusted, Grand Admiral Doenitz. If any man remained a true Nazi to the end, it was surely Doenitz.

Now Doenitz has emerged from prison and published his memoirs. They are admirably translated and make most interesting reading. He has called them *Ten Years and Twenty Days*—ten years as commander of U-Boats, twenty days as Führer of Germany. Whatever doubts they may sometimes inspire—doubts of objectivity, doubts of candor—they are an important document. The author's very limitations—the narrowness of his clear mind, his lack of political sense or subtlety—seem at first sight to increase their value. History is not obscured here, as in the memoirs of Papen or Weiszacker, by elaborate personal apologia. How could it be in such a career? Doenitz's argument is straightforward, almost unthinking. He was an officer, devoted to his work. He loved U-boats; his job was to sink British merchant ships; and he did it. All the resources of a first-class professional mind were devoted to that duty. As for Hitler, he was the Führer and had to be obeyed. Of course Hitler was a monster, but how was he to know that? Though Doenitz had been regularly in Hitler's company for the last two years of the war, "the demoniacal side of his nature I only perceived when it was too late."

And yet, is it possible? When we look more closely at Doenitz's dry, clear, efficient narrative, we begin to wonder. "Of the obverse side of the National Socialist medal," he tells us, "I knew *practically* nothing *up to the autumn of 1938*" (my italics throughout); and again, of Himmler he writes, "at the time I knew *but little* of the crimes he had committed." And again, "my knowledge of the inhuman side of the National Socialist state was *very limited*." But these are casual admissions, which slip out by chance. When Doenitz really seeks to face the ugly facts there is no such inadvertency. "Every decent German today is ashamed of the crimes which the Third Reich committed *behind the nation's back*." "Men cannot be condemned for things of which *they did not even know*."

Even when we escape from politics, we do not escape from this curious mixture of soldierly clarity and apparent lack of candor. Take the beginning of hostilities. Britain, we are told, "contravened" the Submarine Agreement and thereby justified German contravention. But in what way did Britain "contravene" it? According to Doenitz, by deciding to use the convoy system in the event of war, and thus distrusting the German undertaking to abide by that agreement! And in fact, Doenitz admits, that distrust was quite correct: from the beginning, he himself had planned on the assumption that the agreement was void. Again, Britain, he says, broke the agreement by authorizing merchant ships to resist attack, and on September 6, 1939 "a U-boat was for the first time fired upon by a merchant vessel." It is only afterward that we learn, quite casually, that on September 4, i.e. two days earlier, "U-30 sank the British liner Athenia." That, says Doenitz, was a mistake—so presumably it did not count and should have been ignored. Similarly, the British and American "protection" of Iceland is treated caustically, but the German occupation of Norway and Denmark (which preceded and forced it) was "necessary and therefore correct."

All through this book, behind the terse, factual style, this lack of candor can be detected. Consider Doenitz's brief political career. He quotes Bormann's telegram announcing his appointment as Hitler's successor; but he does not quote his own reply pledging "unconditional loyalty" to Hitler, nor his own funeral tribute to Hitler. He says that he gave orders to arrest Bormann and Goebbels if they came to Ploen; but he does not say that he sent a plane to Berlin to help them out. He gives no evidence of such orders and there is none in his files which were captured at the time. He did not arrest Himmler. He says that he assumed that Hitler had appointed him "because he wished . . . to enable an officer of the Armed Forces to put an end to the war," and only learned long afterward that this was not so; but he knew perfectly well at the time that Hitler had also appointed, to guide him, Bormann, Goebbels, and Seyss-Inquart, whom he can hardly have regarded as a peace-party; and in his reply he promised to "continue this war to an end worthy of the unique, heroic strength of the German people."

Altogether, wherever politics or justification comes in, Doenitz, in spite of his soldierly style, must be pronounced suspect. And yet, apart from this, what an important and readable document this is! It should, and will, be

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read not for its argument but for its narrative of the U-boat war: his own constant faith in "wolf-pack" tactics—submarines acting in groups, fighting against convoys at close quarters, instead of singly and submerged; his struggle (which is the struggle of every commander) to obtain more resources than government will allow; the "torpedo crisis" at the time of the occupation of Norway, when the U-boats found that their torpedos were all ineffective—an incident which led to an inquiry, court-martial, and punishment; the great successes of 1942—successes against America as well as Britain; and, finally, the collapse of 1943, when the British long-range aircraft with their new radar equipment effectively defeated the greatest menace of the war. Doenitz, who certainly does not lack complacency, can boast that, if he had had his way, Hitler might have won his war, or at least the only war in which a German naval officer was interested: the war against England. And in that case perhaps even now he would not have realized what had been going on "behind his back."

Sociologizing Freud

FREUD, THE MIND OF THE MORALIST. By PHILIP RIEFF. Viking Press. 448 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by RICHARD PETERS

THERE was a time, at a congress in 1910, when a professor banged the table when Freud's theories were mentioned and shouted, "This is not a topic for discussion at a scientific meeting; it is a matter for the police." Now, it seems, Freud's theories have become a matter for the sociologist. It is to be hoped this change does not signify that they are no longer considered a suitable subject for scientific meetings where questions of their truth, falsity, and logical appropriateness should be discussed.

Freud himself would surely have been indignant at the vision of sociology's Owl of Minerva flapping so soon over his writings. For though he did much to uncover the causes of irrational beliefs, he thought that in matters of science and philosophy, where grounds can be produced for belief, considerations of truth should be paramount. And though his concern for truth might be described by Mr. Rieff as part of his rationalistic or liberal outlook, it is one which is a necessary precondition of any serious discussion whatsoever—be it in ancient Athens or in modern America. To ignore the argument and to dwell on the man—on his upbringing, his loyalties, his prejudices, his predilections—is to stultify science, even if it is done in the name of the aspiring science of sociology.

It is, however, not altogether fair to flail Mr. Rieff for sociologizing Freud's theories; for he regards Freud's writings not so much as a series of serious scientific papers that degenerated in his later years into rather dotty pontifications about culture and civilization, but as "the canon of what was once a great movement and is now an influential profession." He sees Freud as "the first prophet of a time that is simply each man's own," as providing the moral outlook of psychological man who is the final product of the quarrel of Western man with his own spirit. The classical legacy of political man is an archaism; the Christian legacy of the religious man has been repudiated; and experience has exhausted the optimism of the liberal legacy of economic man. Freud heralded the advent of psychological man, the trained egoist, the private man, who turns away from the arenas of public failure to re-examine himself and his own emotions, who aims only at a shrewd compromise with the human condition, not at its basic transformation, who derives lessons for the right conduct of life from the misery of living it.

This estimation of Freud's role may bear witness to the great influence of psychoanalysis on American intellectuals; to an Englishman it sounds a trifle quaint—rather like regarding Marx as the prophet of the health services. Nevertheless it provides the coordinating theme for Mr. Rieff's treatment of Freud. For his method is to take the main books in the canon and weave a web of sociological "intepretations" and assessments round them. Mr. Rieff is always on the lookout for a theory that may conceal a value judgment, for a tradition of thought into which Freud's theories can be fitted. The result is a strange brew of erudition and speculation, which makes fascinating reading as a heady gloss on Ernest Jones's sober, restrained, and factual biography.

MR. RIEFF's sociological slant on Freud is both irritating and illuminating. It irritates most when he deals with Freud's serious contributions to psychology. To take some examples: Freud, as is well known, had a solid training

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in neuro-physiology and, especially during his early years, he tried to describe his findings in terms of a mechanical theory that was scientifically respectable. He peered at his patients in the manner in which he had peered at nerve fibers through a microscope and thought of them, to a certain extent, as enlarged nerve fibers whose wishes were currents and whose satisfactions were the discharge of tension through the motor apparatus. His early physiological theory of wishes and instincts, which he never completely abandoned, is surely to be seen in the context of his scientific preoccupations and the tradition of mechanical psychology and physiology which he inherited. (Ernest Jones, as a matter of fact, brings this out very well in his discussion of Freud's early *Project for a Scientific Psychology*.) Mr. Rieff suggests that the language of "tension states" contains a moral judgment and that his façade of quantification is a vast ethical metaphor by means of which he made "an oblique 'scientific' plea for greater sexual latitude"! Similarly the stress on the erotogenic zones and their different stages of sensitization, empirical findings which Freud linked with his knowledge of nerve endings, is seen by Mr. Rieff as a theory which depersonalizes sexual life. Freud's discovery that sexual wishes persist and that many adults suffer because they cannot come to terms with the relics of the child within them is regarded by Mr. Rieff as revealing a hostility to the past, "past" being a pejorative term for Freud. Indeed, "Memory, for Freud . . . embodies a moral choice, a sequence of acceptances and rejections. . . . Repression thus becomes an infallible index of ethical import. What is too imperative to be remembered suffers the compliment of being forgotten." (As if infants could make *moral* choices!) And the theory of evolution, which, as Mr. Rieff rightly sees, is one of Freud's most important presuppositions, is itself regarded as a vehicle for making moral judgments. Freud punctured the pride of civilization by pointing to the origins of culture in the mind of the child or the history of the horde.

All this is rather like saying that Darwin developed his theory because of his animus against man or that Copernicus was really venting his spleen against the Church by challenging the Aristotelian world view which it had adopted. It surely ignores the valuative judgments that have to be made, and which many shrink from making, *because of* factual discoveries. The fact that later thinkers reacted to Darwin either by saying "How beastly are men" or "How human are animals" is neither here nor there. Suppose that Freud did have an animus toward the past. Did he have it because of his findings about the overwhelming importance of infancy in shaping adult character? Or did he rig the theory to match his animus? Who knows? And who cares? Scientists have all sorts of extra-scientific valuations and biases which influence the direction of their theorizing, but the procedural norm of science is that theories shall be decided in terms of the evidence. It matters little what personal or social predilections influence them, for as scientists they are committed to the task of consciously trying to find counter-examples to refute both their own and other people's theories. It may be that Galileo formulated his law of inertia because of his predilection for motion and because of his aversion to a static and stable order. Maybe he was expressing in his theory the growing restlessness evidenced in international commerce, the increase of travel, and social mobility. Perhaps he felt strongly about rest being the natural state of anything! But what does this matter if, as he insisted, observations should be made on balls, pendulums, and projectiles to test the truth of the hypothesis, *however* it is arrived at. Science surely consists in those "myths" about the world that have stood up to empirical tests.

Mr. Rieff, I would suggest, underestimates the autonomy of science and the extent to which Freud was the inheritor of the scientific tradition both in respect of its procedures and in respect of the concepts which were scientifically acceptable. It is significant that he says little of Freud's metapsychology which many consider to contain some of his most important contributions to theory. He is not really interested in Freud's contribution to the development of psychology as a science. On this topic, therefore, he makes only acute asides—for instance that Freud's treatment of ordinary psychic functions such as perceiving, learning, and speaking is poor; that he has no theory of reasoning; that he took very seriously the part played by speech in behavior; that Freud did not regard psychoanalysis as a predictive science. He makes little attempt to give a serious assessment of Freud's contribution to psychology. He is too preoccupied with hunting down Freud's own assessments.

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Mr. Rieff is much more illuminating when he passes from Freud's psychology to his speculations about culture and civilization. In this field his knowledge of the history of ideas is much better, his grasp of Freud's strengths and weaknesses much more sure. He brings *Totem and Taboo* to life by placing it in its setting of Lamarckianism, early anthropology, and recapitulation theories. He explains the climate of opinion which made *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* such a thin, mob-ridden analysis of authority. He places *The Future of an Illusion* and *Moses and Monotheism* in a context which throws light on their odd extravagances. His erudition and imaginative sympathy flood over Freud's rather sterile and stilted attempts to explain social phenomena in terms of individual psychology. There seems to be, too, a little more point in unveiling the valuations and sympathies which influenced Freud's theories. For some of them seem so bizarre, so lacking in empirical support, that there is some point in drawing attention to the man as well as to his argument.

Mr. Rieff's penultimate chapter on "The Ethic of Honesty" is one of the most interesting in the book. Here he deals with the central valuation which is explicit in Freud's therapeutic outlook rather than lurking in the interstices of his theories. He points out, quite rightly, that this is a principle of procedure, not a substantive rule. It tells a man how he should go about deciding on his code of conduct, not what code he should adopt. To admit one's nature, to be quick to detect dishonesty and sham in oneself and others, resolves no specific issues of choice. A man may be an honest, unblinking rogue as well as a frank "noble savage" of the type beloved by E. M. Forster. Mr. Rieff stresses, too, that Freud advocated not only honesty but also a Stoic resignation, an acceptance of "natural needs," and a deep suspicion of moral aspirations. This, he rightly argues, contains in it the seeds of calculated conformity, of the acceptance of existing social structure and political authority, which is very alien to the individualistic tradition so vigorously represented by some of its earlier Protestant adherents in the era of "religious man."

Mr. Rieff, in criticizing Freud's position, suggests that the "desire to be good" may be as primary as a man's "natural needs." Why should not the return to nature be an escape from one's insistent aspirations? Mr. Rieff, surely, might have gone further and examined

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Freud's warrant for making the gulf between nature and convention just where he did. He might even have gone much further into the realm of justification and challenged the rationality of egoism itself. He seems to assume that a calculating cautious egoism is the only policy open to a convinced rationalist. Yet the principle of impartiality or justice which Freud described in his *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* as a cloak for envy, and which is inconsistent with pure egoism, may well be, as Kant held, implied by the very use of reason to which Freud was committed. Certainly Sidgwick, one of the most acute of all Utilitarians, made a very good case on rational grounds for justice and benevolence as well as for prudence. Freud actually said of himself, "I believe that in a sense of justice and consideration for others, in disliking making others suffer or taking advantage of them, I can measure myself with the best people I know." Were these explicit valuations implied by his "education to reality"? Did Freud regard them as a consequence of a consistent egoism? It is impossible to say—and Mr. Rieff does not explore this seeming inconsistency in Freud's moral outlook.

Mr. Rieff, however, does seem to chide Freud for providing only a very bare principle of procedure in his ethic of honesty. But surely *all* principles for which any solid rational justification can be produced are procedural—implications of the determination to use reason to decide on policies for living. The injunctions to be fair, to consider the interests of others, are just as lacking in *substantive* content as the injunction to attend honestly to one's own interests. To supply a set of substantive rules for conduct would be to deny the autonomy of the individual which is a precondition of any rational moral code—even if it is the limited and somewhat attenuated code of Mr. Rieff's "psychological man." Freud, says Mr. Rieff, emphasized freedom at the expense of signposts for living; he exalted the self-confident prudent man whose mind had freed itself from authority. Certainly he did; and though he may be criticized for equating prudence more or less with "the primacy of the intelligence," is he to be criticized for emphasizing that inward freedom from authority which is a precondition both of science and of any rational morality?

Mr. Rieff has written a most stimulating and erudite book—a rare combination. It combines a lively and accurate account of Freud's main theories with a sociological commentary that is meant to serve as a supplement to Ernest Jones's biographical material. My main criticism of Mr. Rieff's book is that it tends to detract from Freud's purely scientific contribution by indulging in too many rather snappy and fanciful speculations about the valuations which may lurk behind his theories. In his own field, however, that of sociology, Mr. Rieff's discussion of Freud's contribution is most illuminating. His discussion, too, of Freud's explicit ethic of honesty is suggestive and should enthrall anyone who is interested in examining the possibility of a rational moral code.

Commentary on the Psalms

THE MIDRASH ON PSALMS. Translated from the Hebrew and Aramaic by WILLIAM G. BRAUDE. Yale University Press (Yale Judaica Series XIII: 1 & 2). Vol. 1, 563 pp; Vol. 2, 630 pp. $15.00 each.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. HOENIG

THE daily reading of the psalms has been traditional in the liturgy of the synagogue for centuries, and long ago its poetic phrases invited intellectual exposition and commentary. In the period when the triennial cycle of reading the Pentateuch was in vogue, equivalent psalms were read in sequence on Sabbath afternoons; thus, the five books of one hundred and fifty psalms were completed in three years. The text of the psalms often served as the starting point for homiletical disquisitions on theology, law, ethical conduct, and Israel's history. These midrashim, first presented orally by the preacher, were later noted down and ultimately collected.

We can well visualize the homilist on a Sabbath afternoon expounding these psalms and seeking to demonstrate, through them, that "history is the manifestation of the will of God working in the lives of those whom He selects to do His will"; and we can sense, too, how the congregation, looking back to the heroes of old and the sainted teachers, as dusk was falling on the Sabbath, gained renewed courage and could await the eternal future of bliss, as taught by the midrash.

According to Leopold Zunz, the *Midrash*

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Tehillim, or commentary on the psalms, was finally compiled in southern Italy in the second half of the 9th century; Solomon Buber, on the other hand, maintains that this took place much earlier, during the Talmudic period in Palestine. To round out the extant Hebrew text, Buber added selections from *Yalkut Shimoni,* a collection of homilies on the whole Bible as culled from Talmudic texts; he did so because in the Constantinople edition of the *Midrash,* prepared in 1512, there was no exposition of psalms 119-150. As Rabbi William Braude, the translator, points out in this new edition prepared for the Yale Judaica series: "Over a period of perhaps a thousand years—from the 3rd century to the 13th—*Midrash Tehillim* has grown by accretion, at the hands of readers who inserted marginal notes as well as editors who added bits of commentary from parallel writings or comments of their own."

The *Midrash,* as we find it now, is a mélange of many things. It includes views on theosophy, Torah, the people of Israel, sin, "time to come," the "way of the world" and countless other matters—some of these views commonplace, others quite distinctive, all emerging from the analysis of the various verses in the psalms. Thus one learns, for example, that the 123 responses of Hillel correspond to the number of Aaron's years (Psalm 22, verse 19); that God's names—*El, Elohim, Adonai*—stand for the three attributes of wisdom, understanding, and knowledge by which the world was created (50, 1); that the Torah, which existed before Creation, was meant for all mankind (72, 6); that chastisements are often evidences of God's love (12, 5); that evil impulse is necessary, since without it no man would take a wife or beget children (9, 1).

The subjects discussed in the *Midrash* are as far-flung as personal curiosity. One learns that "dice players reckon with the left hand but add up with the right" (26, 7), and one may read a theoretical discussion of the possibilities of sexual intercourse in the Messianic Age (146, 4). A homespun philosophy emerges from such midrashic proverbs as "We notice life only when we are losing it" (90, 19), and "One is not what one's mother says, but what one's neighbors say" (48, 2). Parables and stories likewise abound, such as the tradition that the nephew of Titus boasted, at the time of the destruction of the Second Temple, that he had slain God himself (121, 3). And one pauses before the Hebraic reference to Romulus and Remus nursed by a she-wolf in milk which God had prepared for them (17, 12), wondering how this legend seeped into Judaic lore.

Taken in its entirety, the *Midrash* attempts to guide the observant Jew in the "paths of life." Among the lessons gleaned from the midrashic study of the psalms are that God is afflicted in the affliction of man, that appetites and passions are essential parts of human nature but must be disciplined, that there is punishment for the oppression of the poor, and that mutual aid is of prime importance in life. In contrast to the teachings of more otherworldly faiths, the homilies in the *Midrash* seek constantly to make the Jew aware of communal responsibilities. Where there is economic scarcity, there is trouble, the *Midrash* teaches; and the leaders of a community are answerable for its conditions. Even more than other books of the Jewish faith, the *Midrash* emphasizes that the higher principles of life and social justice must be upheld at all times. Thus, for example, though tradition stressed the coming of the Messianic Age, the *Midrash* boldly taught that the Messianic Age was but a continuance of the present age; hence, it stressed more immediate concerns, such as the blessings of work. (The text even outlines rules fixing wages and hours for laborers.) The *Midrash* seeks to make man conscious not only that he is created in the image of God, but that his every action and thought should be directed

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"THEY TELL US: *'The Russians were cordial to Nixon, so we must be cordial to Khrushchev. Q.E.D.' We reply: 'Jack the Ripper was nice to all the women he didn't murder, therefore all the women he didn't murder should be nice to Jack the Ripper. Q.E.D.' Why* shouldn't *tyrants and enslaved people be cordial to a visiting statesman from a free country? And why* should *free men be cordial to visiting tyrants from a slave nation?* **Quod licit Jovi non licet bovi. *Q.E.D.*"**

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toward living ethically. Thus, the book is like a handy manual, throbbing with life designs fitting for every occasion.

RABBI BRAUDE'S two volumes, covering close to 1,200 pages, contain a most readable translation of this storehouse of Judaic lore. Taking Buber's text as the basis, the translator did not seek mere paraphrase but fidelity to the original text, a goal he has largely fulfilled. With the aid of Professors Lieberman, Wolfson, and Nemoy, whose suggestions and emendations Braude records often in his notes, the translator has produced two volumes of genuine scholarly merit. Nevertheless, the Notes do not seem to me to contain nearly enough cross references, tracing back many of the homilies to their original Talmudic sources. For example, the reference to Greek respect for Simon the Just (Psalm 18, p. 240, Notes II, 446) should have recalled the Talmudic story of Alexander the Great in Yoma 69a.

Also, despite the great care which has gone into this work, there are some glaring errors. Thus, referring to Psalm I (1,24) where the *Shema* and its benedictions are mentioned, the Notes record (II, 402): "The *Shema* of the morning service consisted of four sections, namely, 'Hear O Israel,' 'And Thou Shalt Love the Lord,' 'It Shall Come to Pass,' and 'The Lord Spake Unto Moses.'" Speaking of four sections of the *Shema* is contrary to the traditional concept of—"the three sections in *Shema*" (see Mishnah Berakhot 2, 2); also, in the Biblical text of Deuteronomy 6:4,5, "Hear, O Israel" and "And thou shalt love the Lord" follow as *verses without any break*. Furthermore, this Note is inconsistent with the definition of *Shema* given in the Glossary (II, 532): "A prayer so called from the first word, 'Hear!' The prayer consists of three passages from Pentateuch: Deuteronomy 6:4-9, 11:13-21, and Numbers 15:37-41." This simple error is not so trivial as it might appear to the uninitiated reader. For it necessitated interpretations which run contrary to the explanation of the text of the *Midrash Tehillim* as found in its original source (Yerushalmi Berakhot 3d.)

Though such interpretation mars the "accuracy and precision" that the editors seek in the series, it does not mitigate the tremendous value of the *Midrash*, now revealed to those who cannot read it in the original. Much simpler and more attractive than the other classics issued by the Yale Judaica Series—Saadiah's *Beliefs* and Maimonides' *Code*—this work can well become the basis for formal study in the synagogue. Such study will give the searching Jew a fuller comprehension of the traditions, thought, and teachings of Judaism.

Survival for What?

THE RISE OF THE MERITOCRACY. By MICHAEL YOUNG. Random House. 160 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by RONALD GROSS

H. G. WELLS'S warning that we are engaged in "a race between education and catastrophe" has taken on new meaning. We are now told that, if the increasing complexity of our technological civilization doesn't get us, the Russians will. Apparently our hope lies in creating equality of educational opportunity, "talent-searching" to cut the waste of innate ability among underprivileged youngsters, and a much more efficient social organization to identify, educate, and utilize our "human resources."

Michael Young, who headed the British Labor party's research department for six years, has applied all these demands with a vengeance in this anti-Utopia. Wells's race has ended in a dead heat called Meritocracy, a society in which the classes are reconstituted on the basis of the simple formula: IQ plus Effort equals Merit. Though Dr. Young does not evoke the nightmares of *1984* or *Brave New World*, in a sense he is more insidious, for, unlike Orwell or Huxley, he shows precisely how contemporary society could evolve, logical-step-necessary-for-survival by logical-step-necessary-for-survival, into this repugnant model of productive efficiency.

The book is cast in the form of a doctoral thesis of the 21st century. By the mid-20th century, the imaginary chronicler recollects, it had become apparent that no country could compete in the production race if it allowed well-born mediocrities to inherit superior educational opportunities and clog up positions of power. The government finally decided that the only true remedy was to tighten the educational sieve—first by identifying brainy youngsters in the earliest grades and then by making sure, through scholarships, that they were adequately trained in special schools. This part of the discussion largely reflects recent debate in England over the reform of the school system,

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but it also has a bearing on recent proposals for training "future leaders" that have been made in the United States by Admiral Hyman Rickover and others.

Young's book, however, goes beyond school reform. For, as he tells it, even after creating a perfectly efficient mechanism for selecting and educating the "best" raw material, the state still had to bring industry's practices into line with the school pattern. "History's most enduring ruling class," the eternal Gerontocracy, had continued to reign outside the classroom. Professions were governed by an inefficient system of advancement based largely on seniority. The young accepted this only because they knew that they themselves would in turn enjoy its fruits. Once again, however, the harsh realities of international competition forced the adoption of more efficient methods. Soon merit rating, perfected in scope and certainty to include mental work and effort, overruled seniority. Instead of attaining effortless security in later years, the elderly stood to be demoted if their capacity to produce fell off; "judges have become taxi-drivers, bishops curates, and publishers writers—the old shine in jobs where reliability is important."

In the new state, the few chosen for the Meritocracy—"the five per cent of the nation who know what five per cent means"—have their necessary counterpart in the great mass of incompetents. Now that success is scientifically apportioned, the eminent know that they richly deserve their superior status; on the other hand, the lower classes, being homogeneously inferior, can no longer deceive themselves that their lowliness is undeserved. The high-ability child born into the lower classes, who might grow up to articulate their cause, is spirited off by the educational system and himself enrolled in the Meritocracy. No real communication is possible between the two classes; both the Labor party and the House of Commons tend to wither away as the philosophers rule. In short, the ultimate consequences of this kind of equality of opportunity are very different from the equality of status envisioned by the old utopians.

No summary of this kind can convey the sustained play of irony with which Dr. Young depicts his new society. As a "sympathetic" theoretical description of the Meritocracy, the chronicle presents powerful arguments in favor of reorganizing our institutions so that the best can most surely get to the top. Often the reader cannot distinguish the sweet reasonableness of putting the best-qualified man in the most important job from the absurdity of judging a person's worth solely by how much he can increase production.

MANY of the British reviewers, although they warned that the book might be misunderstood, tended to busy themselves with the question of whether Meritocracy could really come to pass. Most agreed that we are headed in that direction, but found various reasons why Britain would never go the whole way: the composition of the electorate contains too large a percentage of older people who are concerned mainly with security; the power of the family unit cannot be destroyed; the common man has fought since the Industrial Revolution to withdraw from the market economy and reestablish a social system in which the ungifted majority can survive and flourish. But all this misses the point: it is like countering Swift's "Modest Proposal" by documenting the culinary difficulties of preparing Irish children for human consumption. The force of Dr. Young's satire lies not so much in its prophecies for the future, as in its logical extrapolations of the very rationalizations we are already using to justify our current public policies. Whereas we find both the assumptions and the ends of Swift's proposal horrible, the assumptions behind the Meritocracy are being seriously proposed and respectfully considered as possible reforms for our public schools.

The dilemma with which the book confronts us, then, is a genuine one: the real opposition between the claims of that maximum economic progress necessary to insure the "superiority of our system," and a society theoretically based on a personal, equalitarian, democratic attitude toward people as ends in themselves. On the one hand, rationalization and efficiency; on the other, acceptance of the innate dignity of the individual. Such efficiency entails, to a necessarily accelerating degree, an instrumental view of human beings as more or less efficient means to economic or political ends, and engenders the characteristic viewpoint reflected in such phrases as "human resources." The fundamental premise of such a social system is that competitive survival is the final, indisputable justification for any policy, and it is this assumption which Dr. Young is reducing to absurdity.

We have heard much about the danger of imitating the *means* which the Soviet Union

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employs, but the perversion of values at the heart of the Meritocracy—a system apparently evolving everywhere without regard to political regimes—is based on a wrong choice not so much of means as of ends. More democratic procedures may prevent us from committing abhorrent crimes against the human person, but if our sole ends are military survival and economic predominance, the best means cannot protect us from irremedial sacrilege against the values we have hitherto claimed most to revere. Survival itself, to be meaningful, must be a means.

To be sure, we live in a world situation characterized by considerable and quite legitimate pressures for maximizing our productive efficiency. Indeed, Dr. Young bases his rhetorical strategy on our readiness to concede that we must exalt some values, not because they are the best, or even good, but because they are socially useful. Nevertheless, by his imaginative exploitation of our successive concessions to practicality, he demonstrates that the only attitude more absurd than ignoring these pressures is one which elevates them to the point where they usurp our sense of dedication to other social values. If we are to avoid being swept up in the rhetoric of whichever social purpose is currently being touted, the conflicting demands of national life must be consciously placed in a hierarchy of priorities—and this requires a continuing and vigorous debate over social ends.

No doubt, such a debate becomes increasingly difficult to conduct as the realities of world power limit our choices to a very narrow range. Often, it seems that toleration of multiple ends and their inevitable conflict may even weaken us in the face of external danger. But the times appear to require something more than the will to prevail. They demand equally a recognition of the ambiguities of our complex situation, and a resistance to that failure of basic conviction which might lead to our surviving our enemies by destroying ourselves.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

G. E. von Grunebaum, director of the Near Eastern Center at the University of California, is the author of several books on Islam.

H. R. Trevor-Roper of Oxford, author of *The Last Days of Hitler*, reviewed *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution* in our September issue.

Richard Peters, reader in philosophy at the University of London, is author of *Hobbes* (1956), *The Concept of Motivation* (1958), and other books. He is a new contributor.

Sidney B. Hoenig, another new contributor, is professor of Jewish history at Yeshiva University and author of *Guide to the Prophets*.

Ronald Gross is research assistant to the director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education. This is his first published review.

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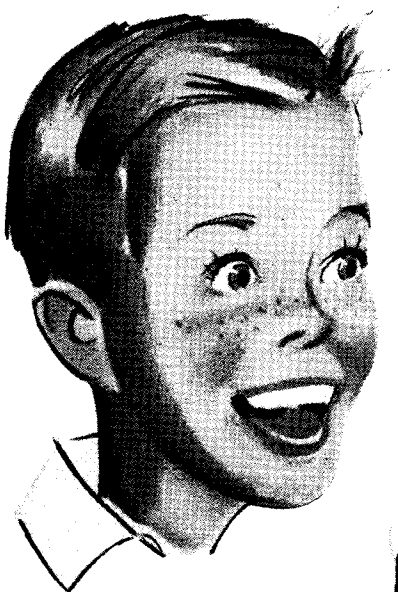

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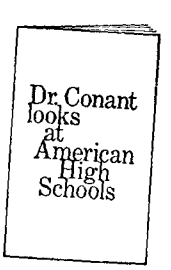

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